THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME III. NEW-YORK, MARCH 17, 1838. NUMBER 18.

PRINTED EVERY SATURDAY EVENING,
By S. BARTLETT & CO.,
No. 76 1-2 MAIDEN-LANE,
At Three Dollars a year--payable in advance.
Four Dollars when sent out of the United States.
☞All Letters to be addressed to the proprietors POST PAID.

THE CONSTELLATION.

UNCLE ASA.

THE STORY OF A HUNTER.

The following story comes to us from a friend, who actually heard it related by the person and in the manner herein described. A few years ago, says he, having occasion to visit some lands in the northern part of this state, I left home in the month of February, taking my rout in the stage coach from Albany, on the western side of lake Champlain, to the pleasant and thriving village of Plattsburgh. From thence I hired a sleigh and horses for Chateauquay, a distance of about forty miles, but owing to the heaviness of the roads, caused by a great fall of snow the preceding night, I was unable to proceed more than half of the distance that day, and at about dark put up at an excellent log tavern. After throwing off my cloak and outer garments, I seated myself in the bar-room before a large wood fire, that might have served to roast an ox, and while awaiting supper amused myself by noticing the travellers who came in, and who, through the inclemency of the weather and the badness of the travelling, were compelled like myself to shorten their intended day's journey.

Among the number who arrived, was an old man on foot, with a powder-horn at his belt and a gun on his shoulder, who attracted my particular attention. He had all the quickness of motion and keenness of eye, that denote the hunter. He was also known to all the household as well as to some of the travellers, who accosted him with the kindly appellation of Uncle Asa, asking such questions and making such remarks as showed him a general favorite. He appeared to be about sixty years of age, tall, well-set, and exhibiting one of those iron frames that almost defy time to impair its strength or activity, however it may destroy the comeliness of youth. On his entrance, he deposited his gun in the bar for safe keeping, and after many congratulations on the part of his numerous friends, he seated himself by the fire, called for a mug of cider, and taking from his wallet his provisions, commenced making his evening meal, with an appetite an alderman might have envied.

About this time my supper was announced as being ready in another room—and here let me do justice to this meal as served up in a country tavern. It was excellent, consisting of such substantial dishes as might well stay the appetite sharpened by the cold and a long ride, and I, with the other travellers, did ample justice to it. Having dispatched this important affair, I returned to the bar-room and found a circle formed round the fire, with uncle Asa in the centre relating some of his many adventures in hunting. Room being made for me--for a stranger is always cordially received on such occasions—I joined the circle and listened to the following story, which, from the manner of the narrator and afterwards from the assurances of the landlord, who was a very intelligent man, and well acquainted with uncle Asa as also with the wilds of this country, I believe to be true.

About thirty-five years ago I moved into this county which was then nearly a wilderness, no settlements having been made excepting in a few places on the borders of the lake. I arrived in the spring of the year and commenced a clearing on the farm I now occupy. By fall I had built a good log house and temporary stables for my cattle—had put into the ground ten acres of wheat, and looked forward to the ensuing year for the reward of my labors. My wife and child—for I was married—were all my family—neighbors there were none nearer than five or six miles, so that visiting or amusements were almost entirely out of the question. You may therefore suppose that on the approach of a long northern winter I had ample time to gratify my love of hunting, for which I have always had a great fondness. Winter had set in early, and all my cares were confined to keeping a sufficient stock of wood on hand for fuel—which you may imagine was not difficult when the trees stood at my door—and taking care of the few cattle I was then owner of. It was one day I think in the fore part of December, when having finished my morning's work, I took down my gun—the same that now stands in the bar—and told my wife that I would on my return please her with the sight of a fat deer. Deer are even now very plenty in this part of the country, but then they were much more so, so that there was little merit or difficulty in achieving what I had promised.

I took my departure about a northwest course from my cabin, which led me direct into the forest. The snow was about a foot deep, and the wind blowing hard from the north, it drifted much in the openings, yet this I thought was in my favor, as the noise made by the wind among the trees, prevented the game from hearing my approach in "still hunting." But I was mistaken in my calculations, for I had travelled five or six miles from home and had not got a shot at a single deer, though I had seen numbers of them, but they were always on the run and at too great a distance, and all the tracks I saw showed that they had scarcely walked during that day. I was then a young hunter, but I have since learnt that this animal is always on the move and generally runs throughout windy days, probably from the apprehension of danger from wolves, which follow its scent through the snow.

At length I arrived at a large cedar swamp, on the edge of which I was struck by the singular appearance of a large stub, twenty-five or thirty feet high, with its bark off. From its scratched surface I had no doubt it was climbed by raccoons or martins, which probably had a den in it, as from its appearance I judged it was hollow. The stub at its base might have been seven or eight feet through, but eight or ten feet higher up, its size was much diminished, so that I could grasp sufficiently to ascend it and ascertain what was within. My gun and great coat were deposited in a secure place, and, being an expert climber, I soon gained the top. As I anticipated, I found the stub was hollow, the aperture being about two and a half feet in diameter. The day you will observe was dark and cloudy, and looking down the hollow I fancied that I could see the bottom at no great distance, but having nothing to put in to ascertain its depth, I concluded I would try to touch the bottom with my feet. I therefore placed myself in the hole lowered myself gradually, expecting every moment my feet would come in contact with some animal or the foot of the hollow, but feeling nothing I unthinkingly continued letting myself down until my head and hands and my whole persom were completely within the centre of the stub.

At this moment a sudden and strange fear came over me, I know not from what cause, for I am not naturally timid—it seemed to affect me with a sense of suffocation, such as is experienced in dreams under the effect of the night-mare. Rendered desperate by my feelings, I made a violent attempt to extricate myself, when the edges of the wood to which I was holding on, treacherously gave way, and precipitated me to the bottom of the hole, which I found extended to a level with the ground. I cannot wholly account for it, but probably from the erect position in which my body was necessarily kept in so narrow a tube and my landing on my feet on a bed of moss, dried leaves and other soft substances, I sustained little or no injury from so great a fall, nor were my clothes but little deranged in my descent, notwithstading the straitness of the passage, owing to the smoothness of the surface from long use by the animals ascending and descending to and from their den—for a den I found it to be.

After my fright, I had time to examine the interior—all was dark, and putting out my hands to feel my way, they came in contact with the cold nose of some beast and then with the fur, which I immediately knew was that of a half-grown cub, or young bear. Continuing to examine, I ascertained that there were three or four of those animals, which, aroused by the noise made in my descent, came around and smelt of me, uttering a moaning noise, taking me at first no doubt for their dam, but after a little examination, snuffing and snorting as if alarmed, they quietly betook themselves to their couch on the moss, and left me to my own troubled and gloomy reflections. I knew they were too young to do me any injury, but with that knowledge came the dreadful certainty that the mother, whose premises I had so heedlessly invaded, was quite a different personage, and that my life would date but a short period after she arrived, (arrive she certainly would before many hours could pass over my head.

The interior of the den grew more visible after my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and aided by a little light from the top, I discovered that the den was circular, and on the ground was five or six feet in diameter, its circumference diminishing at the height of seven or eight feet to a diameter of less than three, owing to the singular formation of the trunk, as I have before remarked. All my attempts to reach the narrow part of the hollow, in the hopes of working my way out, as a chimney-sweep might have done if that had been practicable, were fruitless. My escape in this way was therefore impossible. To cut through the trunk a hole sufficient to let my body out, with a small pocket-knife, the only one I had, would have been the work of weeks and even months, as from the examinations I had made of both the exterior and interior, I knew that it could not be less than a foot thick. The knife was the only weapon I possessed, and one hug of my tremendous adversary would deprive me of the power to use even so contemptible an implement, and even if I succeeded in killing the bear—which was not to be expected—my case was equally hopeless, for I should then only exchange a sudden death for one if possible even more horrid, a lingering one of famine and thirst—for my tracks in the snow I knew were long since covered by the drifts, and there was no possibility of my friends finding me, by searching in a wilderness of many miles in circuit.

My situation was indeed hopeless and desperate. I thought of my cheerful home, my wife seated by the fire with our child in her arms, or preparing our evening meal, looking out anxiously from time to time expecting my return, for the shades of evening were fast approaching. These and many more such thoughts rushed through my mind, and which way soever they were turned, you may suppose they were teeming with horror. At one time I had nearly determined to wreak my feelings upon the cubs by destroying them, but the wanton and useless cruelty of the act—as they could be of no service to me then—prevented me. Yes I would be merciful. Oh! you know not how merciful one is when he feels he would willingly himself be an object of mercy from others.

Two hours had probably passed, and to me two of the longest I ever experienced, when suddenly the little light which had illumed the gloom of the den from above, was gone. I looked up and could no longer see the sky. My ears, which at that moment were peculiarly sensitive, were assailed with a low growling noise, such as a bear makes on discovering an enemy and preparing for an attack. At once I was aware that my fate was at hand, as this was the mother descending to her cubs, having by her acute organs of smelling discovered that her den had been entered by some enemy. From the time I had ascertained my true situation, I had opened my knife and held it ready in hand for the encounter, come when it would. I now therefore braced myself for a death grapple with my terrible antagonist, feverishly awaiting her descent.

Bears always descend in the same manner they ascend trees, that is the head is always upwards, consequently her most assailable, or rather her least formidable part was opposed to me. A thought quick as light rushed through my mind that escape was possible, and that the bear might furnish the means. No time could be afforded, nor was necessary for deliberation. Just as she had reached that part where the hollow widened, and by a jump I could reach her, I made a desperate spring and caught hold firmly with both hands of the fur which covered her extremities, giving at the same time a scream, which in this close den sounded a thousand times louder than any human voice in the open air. The bear—and she was a powerful one—taken by surprise, and unable to get at me, and frightened too at the hideous and appalling noise I made, scrambled for life up the hollow. But my weight I found was no small impediment to her, for when about half way up, I perceived she began to lag, and notwithstanding my continued screaming at length came to a dead stand, apparently not having strength to proceed. Knowing my life depended on her going on, I instantly let go with the hand in which I held the knife, driving it to the haft into her flesh, and redoubling the noise I had already made. The pain and her fears gave her new strength, and by another effort she brought me once more to the light of day at the top of the stub: nor did she stop there to receive my thanks for the benefit she had conferred on me, but hastily descended to the ground and made her way with all speed to the swamp. I sat for some time on the stub out of breath, and hardly crediting the reality of my miraculous escape. After giving thanks to that providence which had so wonderfully preserved me, I descended to the ground, found my coat and gun where I had left them, and reached home after a fatiguing walk through the woods, about nine o'clock in the evening.

As it was growing late, uncle Asa said he would not continue the story of how he afterwards killed the old bear, whose skin remunerated him in part for his fright, nor how he caught all the cubs alive, of which he made a good penny, nor how he afterwards amply redeemed his pledge to his wife by bringing in more than one deer in a day for the one he had promised her the day he fell into Bruin's den. D.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.—This establishment, under the direction of Mr. Russell, continues to draw large audiences, even though its remote situation renders it somewhat of a journey to visit it. On Monday night, we, with many others, had the pleasure of witnessing the maiden performance of the young gentleman who enacted Hotspur in Henry the Fourth. His reading was remarked by all to be critically correct—his enunciation was clear and distinct, though at times perhaps rather too rapid—his manner was easy and graceful, and his conception of the character in general well executed. If any exception might be taken to the performance, it would be, perhaps, a want of sufficient energy and action--a deficiency which a very little practice will easily supply. This, however, is a failing so uncommon in beginners, that it may be regarded as a favorable circumstance rather than the contrary. It is well for an orator to commence his discourse in a low tone and a modest manner, in order to conciliate the good graces of his audience—and the same rule, we think, may aptly apply to the performance of a theatrical debutant. The character selected by the gentleman for his first appearance, was hardly calculated for a favorable display of his powers. A character less fiery than that of Hotspur would much better befit him—one in which more of feeling and sentiment are exhibited--one, in short, like that of the gentle Romeo—which we learn he has in study. To such a character the gentleman would, judging from what we have seen, do the most complete justice. D.

Vamping a Sermon.—Some years since, the minister of the parish of P——, in Connecticut, a fascinating preacher, of remarkable talents, fell into intemperate habits, lost the esteem and respect of his parishioners, and was dismissed from his charge. He was fond of narrating anecdotes of his past life, and on one occasion related the following incident:

"I was invited to exchange with my neighbor D——, and knowing that his congregation was very particular, I studied my discourse thoroughly. When Sunday arrived, I made my appearance in his pulpit. During sermon time, Deacon E——, who sat directly under me, kept his eyes constantly upon me, as if he was unwilling to lose a word of the discourse. The congregation being dismissed, I descended from the pulpit, and was warmly thanked by the deacon and other members of the church for the excellent sermon I had preached. I was pleased with their flattery, and thinking that it must have been excellent, as *they* said so, I determined to preach it to my own flock on the following Sabbath. I had scarcely finished reading the first psalm, when, looking down, who should I see but Deacon E——, observing me with all attention. Never did preacher feel worse than I, at the sight of that good man. He had come from his own parish on purpose to hear me, and I was going to preach the same sermon that he heard the Sunday before. Well, I could not help it—I took heart, tried to forget him, and prayed as fervently as I could. When I came to the sermon, what do you think I did? I *new ruffled* and *collared* it, and the deacon hasn't found it out to this day."—*Boston Transcript.*

Destruction of Weeds in paved paths and courts.—The growth of weeds between the stones of a pavement is often very injurious as well as unsightly. The following method of destroying them is adopted at the Mint at Paris, and elsewhere, with good effect: 100 pounds of water, 20 pounds of quick lime, and 2 pounds of flour of sulphur, are to be boiled in an iron vessel: the liquor is to be allowed to settle, the clear part drawn off, and being more or less diluted, according to circumstances, is to be used for watering the alleys and pavements. The weeds will not reappear for several years.

Ignorance of the Irish Cromwelian Magistracy.—A worthy magistrate having occasion to write the word "usage," contrived to spell it without using a single letter of the original word, his improved orthography being *yowzitch.* When some remarks were made on similar feats, he averred that nobody could spell with pens made from the quills of Irish geese.—*Taylor's Civil Wars of Ireland—Constable's Miscellany.*

MISCELLANY.

THE WESTERN EMIGRANT.

From the Albany Lit. Gazette.

Amidst those forest shades that proudly rear'd
Their unshorn beauty toward the favouring skies,
An axe rang sharply. There with vigorous arm
Wrought a bold emigrant, while by his side
His little son with question and response
Beguiled the toil.

"Boy, thou hast never seen
Such glorious trees; and when their giant trunks
Fall, how the firm earth groans! Rememberest thou
The mighty river on whose breast we sailed
So many days on toward the setting sun?
Compared to that, our own Connecticut
Is but a creeping stream."

"Father, the brook
That by our door went singing, when I launched
My tiny boat with all the sportive boys,
When school was o'er, is dearer far to me
Than all these deep broad waters. To my eye
They are as strangers. And those little trees
My mother planted in the garden bound
Of our *first home*, from whence the fragrant peach
Fell in its ripening gold, were fairer sure
Than this dark forest shutting out the day."

"What, lov'd my little girl"—and with light step
A fairy creature hastened toward her sire;
And setting down the basket that contained
The noon's repast, looked upward to his face
With sweet confiding smile.

"See, dearest, see
Yon bright wing'd parroquet, and hear the song
Of the gay red-bird echoing through the trees,
Making rich music. Didst thou ever hear
In far New England such a mellow tone?"

"I had a robin that did take the crumbs
Each night and morning; and his chirping voice
Did make me joyful as I went to tend
My snow drops. I was always laughing there,
In that *first home*. I should be happier now,
Methinks, if I could find among these dells
The same fresh violets."

Slow night drew on,
And round the rude hut of the emigrant
The wonted spirit of the autumn storm
Spake latter things. His wearied children slept;
And he with head reclined sat listening long
To the swoln waters of the Illinois,
Dashing against their shore. Starting, he spake—

"Wife!—did I see thee brush away a tear?—
Say, was it so?—Thy heart was with the halls
Of thy nativity. Their sparkling lights,
Carpets and sofas, and admiring guests,
Dear thee better than those rugged walls
Of shapeless logs, and this lone hermit home."

"No no!—all was so still around, methought
Upon my ear that echoed hymn did steal
Which 'mid the church wherein we paid our vows
Sounded peal'd. But tenderly thy voice
Dissolved the illusion"—and the smile
Lightning her brow—the fond caress that soath'd
Her waking infant—re-assur'd his soul,
That wherever on the pure affections dwell,
And strike a healthful root, is happiness.

Placid and grateful, to his rest he sank;
But dreams—these wild magicians, which do play
Such pranks when reason slumbers—tireless wrought
Their will with him. Up rose the busy mart
Of his own native city—roof and spire
All glittering bright in fancy's frost-work ray.
Forth came remembered forms—with curving neck
The steed his boyhood nurtur'd proudly neigh'd—
The favourite dog, exulting round his feet,
Frisked with shrill joyous bark—familiar doors
Flew open—greeting hands with his were linked
In friendship's grasp—he heard the keen debate
From congregated haunts, where mind with mind
Doth blend and brighten—and till morning, roved
Mid the loved scenery of his father-land.

THE THRONE OF FRANCE.

A correspondent of the London Times takes an interesting view of the occupancy of this seat of political eminence.

LOUIS PHILIP—NAPOLEON II., AND HENRY V.

Louis Philip has to encounter the rival pretensions of two competitors to his throne.

The one presents himself with all the graces and attractions of innocence and adolescence, to a nation sensible to the mighty genius, and justly vain of the glorious achievements of his father. His titles are imperishably registered on the brazen pillar of the Place Vendome, in the civil and criminal codes of the country, in the recorded humiliation of almost every capital in Europe, and in the innumerable fields which attest the matchless skill of the General, and the military prowess of the nation. The iron yoke under which the proudest of his subjects were obliged to bend their necks with humility, and the heartless ambition that sacrificed whole successive generations to the aggrandizement of a single family, are willingly forgotten in the sympathies that survive the reverses and sufferings of the latter years of the Emperor.

The other, an orphan before his birth, suffering for the follies of his grandfather which his tender years enabled him neither to comprehend nor control, unfolds to the gaze of France the records of eight centuries of its history, and suppliantly points out in the inseparate union of his ancestors, during that long period, with all the glories and reverses of his country, his own claims to the throne. His friends refer with becoming modesty, his partizans with malicious triumph, to the prosperity and success of the restoration as a pledge of the happiness that awaits France under his sceptre.

Such are the illustrious youths, whose contradictory pretensions, as destructive of one another as they would be of those of the House of Orleans, Louis Philip has to contend with. But whilst their names and the leading points of their brief history supply—and will long continue to supply—excellent inscriptions for the banners of faction, to any man acquainted with this country their chances of success must appear very remote indeed. Of Louis Philip neither can be the direct inheritor. Nothing but the chance of escaping from anarchy, and a new reign of terror, can reconcile the French to submit to the pupil of Prince Metternich, or of the Jesuits.

Before we take leave of this subject, let us, for a moment, consider the curious points of coincidence and contrast which the fortunes of these youths present.

Both born on the steps of the same throne, which every probability announced they should one day ascend, they were both, in the helplessness of infancy, suddenly precipitated by the storms of adversity from the station in which their birth had placed them, and precluded, apparently forever, from the high destinies that seemed to await them. The father of the one fell under the fanatical dagger of Louvel, before the birth of his son; the other, before he was old enough to be conscious of his loss, became practically an orphan, by the fall and captivity of the Emperor. This common misfortune consigned the education of both to the care of their relations, and the choice of their preceptors is likely to prove fatal to the fortunes of the pupil. Both at an age when crime was impossible, were banished from their country, and, though unconscious of a fault, were condemned to a punishment inflicted by common law on guilt alone. Both undergo the penalties of exile at this moment in distant countries, and the barriers of hospitable France, open to the unfortunate of every country in Europe, are irrevocably closed against the innocent offspring of her late masters. Will the currents of their fortunes run parallel, as they have hitherto done, till they disappear in the silence of the grave? Every thing seems to announce that they will.

Their brief history, hitherto, presents but one contrast. The birth and cold manners of Maria Louisa never permitted her to occupy the slightest space in the affections of the French public; whilst the simplicity and amiable *etourderies* of the Duchess of Berry made her a universal favorite. The Parisians, who forget every thing, have not forgotten the gay giddy, good-natured Princess, whose purse was open to the claim of every misfortune, and whose presence graced and enlivened every scene of amusement. It is not difficult to perceive that the favor of the mother sometimes elicits an ill-suppressed feeling of regret for the misfortunes of the son. Whenever, on the contrary, the name of young Napoleon is mentioned amongst the upper classes, you soon perceive that, if they do not refuse him the consideration due to the son of Napoleon, they do not, at the same time, forget that he is also the son of the Grand Duchess of Parma. The glories, the fall, and the misfortunes of the Emperor, gave an *eclat* to the imputed errors and failings of the wife, which no length of time will eradicate from the public mind.

THE FATE OF NEY.

The outlines are of course familiar to the reader but it possesses sufficient interest to make the particulars desirable. We quote from the Family Library.

"The story of Waterloo need not be repeated. Suffice it to say, that on no former occasion did 'the Bravest of the Brave' exhibit more impetuous though hopeless valour. Five horses were shot under him: his garments were pierced with balls: his whole person was disfigured by gore and mud: yet he would have continued the contest on foot while life remained, had he not been forced from the field by the dense and resistless columns of the fugitives. He returned to the capital, and there witnessed the second imperial abdication and the capitulation of Paris, before he thought of consulting his safety by flight. He hoped that by virtue of the twelfth article of that convention, he should not be disquieted; but the ordinance of July the 24th terribly undeceived him.

Intending to withdraw into Switzerland, and afterward to repair to the United States, he procured his discharge from Davoust, then minister at war. On reaching Lyons, Suchet tendered him money and passports; but he declined the generous offer, and secreted himself with one of his relatives, at the Chateau of Bessonis, near Aurillac, in the department of the Lot. But he was discovered by means of the rich Egyptian sabre presented to him on his marriage by the First Consul, which happened to be indiscreetly left on a sofa in a room open to strangers. On learning this circumstance, the prefect despatched some agents of the police, accompanied by an escort of gens-d'arms, to arrest the owner. They surrounded the chateau, and Ney at once surrendered himself.

He was conducted to Paris. A council of war, composed of French marshals, was appointed to try him; but they had little inclination to pass sentence on an old companion in arms, and declared their incompetency to try one who, when he consummated his treason, was a peer of France. Accordingly, by a royal ordinance of the 12th of November, the Chamber of Peers were directed to take cognizance of the affair. His defence was made to rest, by his able advocates, Berryer and Dupin, on the 12th article of the capitulation; but this was overruled, on the ground of his not being amenable to French laws, since Sarre-Louis, his native town, had recently been dissevered from France. This indeed the prisoner himself rejected: 'I *am* a Frenchman,' cried Ney, 'and will die a Frenchman!' The result was, that he was found guilty, and condemned to death, by the immense majority of one hundred and sixty nine to seventeen.

The marshal was in bed, and asleep, when he was awaked next morning by an officer who proceeded to read the sentence. On hearing the preamble enumerating his titles, he interrupted the recital by saying, 'Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney,—now a French soldier and soon a heap of dust?' His last interview with his wife and four children was far more bitter than the punishment he was about to undergo. This heavy trial over, he was perfectly calm. 'Marshal' said one of his sentinels, a poor grenadier, 'you should now think of God.' 'Do you suppose,' answered Ney, 'that any one need teach me to die?' But, immediately giving way to better thoughts, he added, 'Comrade, you are right: I will die as becomes a Christian: send for the Curate of St. Sulpice!'

At eight o'clock, on the morning of December the 7th, the marshal, with a firm step, and an air as calm as if he had been in a field of battle, descended the steps leading to the court of the Luxembourg, and entered a coach which conveyed him to the place of execution, outside the garden gates. He alighted, and advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up to despatch him. To an officer who proposed to bandage his eyes, he replied, 'Are you ignorant that for twenty-five years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?' He took off his hat, raised it above his head, and said, with a firm voice, 'I declare, before God and man, that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy! Vive la France!' Then, turning to the men, and striking his other hand on his heart, he gave the word, 'Soldiers—fire!'

Thus, in his forty-seventh year, did 'the Bravest of the Brave' expiate one great error, alike alien from his natural character, and unworthy of the general course of his life. If he was sometimes a stern, he was never an implacable enemy. He was sincere, honest, blunt even: so far from flattering, he often contradicted him on whose nod his fortunes depended. He was, with a few exceptions, merciful to the vanquished; and while so many of his brother marshals dishonoured themselves by rapine and extortion, Michael Ney lived and died poor.

'This extraordinary man,' says Colonel Napier, 'was notoriously indolent, and unlearned in the abstract science of war: it was necessary for him to see in order to act; his character seemed to be asleep, until some imminent danger aroused all the marvellous energy and fortitude with which nature had endowed him. He who had fought FIVE HUNDRED battles for France—not one against her—was shot as a traitor.' —*Aitas.*

JOSEPHINE AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

"One day, some time before my first marriage, while taking my usual walk, I observed a number of negro girls assembled round an old woman, engaged in telling their fortunes. I drew near to observe their proceedings. The old sibyl, on beholding me, uttered a loud exclamation, and almost by force seized my hand. She appeared to be under the greatest agitation. Amused at these absurdities, as I thought them, I allowed her to proceed, saying, 'so you discover something extraordinary in my destiny?'—'Yes.'—'Is happiness or misfortune to be my lot?'—'Misfortune. Ah, stop! and happiness too.'—'You take care not to commit yourself, my good dame; your oracles are not the most intelligible.'—'I am not permitted to render them more clear,' said the woman, raising her eyes with a mysterious expression towards heaven.—'But to the point,' replied I, for my curiosity began to be excited; 'what read you concerning me in futurity?'—'What do I see in the future? You will not believe me if I speak.'—'Yes, indeed, I assure you. Come, my good mother, what am I to fear and hope?'—'On your own head be it then; listen: You will be married soon; that union will not be happy; you will become a widow, and then—then you will be *Queen of France*! Some happy years will be yours; but you will die in an hospital, amid civil commotion.'

"On concluding these words," continued Josephine, "the old woman burst from the crowd, and hurried away, as fast as her limbs, enfeebled by age, would permit. I forbade the bystanders to molest or banter the pretended prophetess on this *ridiculous prediction*: and took occasion, from the seeming absurdity of the whole proceeding, to caution the young negresses how they gave heed to such matters. Henceforth, I thought of the affair only to laugh at it with my relatives. But afterward, when my husband had perished on the scaffold, in spite of my better judgment, this prediction forcibly recurred to my mind after a lapse of years; and though I was myself then in prison, the transaction daily assumed a less improbable character, and I ended by regarding the fulfilment as almost a matter of course."

The above recital might be corroborated, if necessary, by the evidence of various persons, who, at different times, had likewise heard it from the lips of the individual concerned.

WHITEWASHING.—The inhabitants of Folkestone once wrote to the members for the county, to know what *colour* he wished the church to be *whitewashed*.

JACK MITFORD.

The London Morning Herald thus notices the decease and character of this singular example of talents, degraded by intemperance.

"Last week, in St. Giles's workhouse, expired, the well-known Jack Mitford, perhaps the most eccentric character of his day. He was originally in the navy, and fought under Hood and Nelson; he was born at Mitford Castle, Northumberland: the authoress of "Rienzi," and the author of "The History of Greece," were his cousins; he was also related to Lord Redesdale. His name will long be remembered in connection with Lady Perceval, in the Blackheath affair, for his share in which he was tried, but acquitted. For many years Mitford has lived by chance, and slept three nights in the week in the open air, when his finances did not admit of his paying 3*d.* for a den in St. Giles's. Though formerly a nautical fop, for the last fourteen years he was ragged and loathsome; he never thought but of the necessities of the moment. Having had a handsome pair of Wellington boots presented to him, he sold them for one shilling. The fellow who bought them went and put them in pawn for 15*s.* and came back in triumph with the money. "Ah!" said Jack, "but you went out in the cold for it." He was the author of "Johnny Newcombe in the Navy," the publisher of which gave him a shilling a day until he finished it. Incredible as it may appear, he lived the whole of this time in Bayswater-fields, making a bed at night of grass and nettles; twopennyworth of bread and cheese and an onion were his daily food; the rest of the shilling he expended in gin. He thus passed 13 days, washing his shirt and stockings himself in a pond, when he required clean linen. A hundred efforts have been made to reclaim him, but without avail. At the time of his death he was editing a penny production. He wrote the popular modern song "the King is a true British sailor," and sold it to seven different publishers. Notwithstanding his habits he was employed by some religious publishers. This miserable man was buried by Mr. Green, of Will's coffee house, Lincoln's Inn-fields, who had formerly been his shipmate. He has left a wife and family, but they were provided for by Lord R——. Jack Mitford was a respectable classic, and a man of varied attainments; yet for fourteen years he had not where to lay his head; and he has been heard to say, "if his soul was placed on one table and a bottle of gin on another, he would sell the former to taste the latter."'

CURIOUS DEFENCE.

POLICE TRIAL—DONKEY-STEALING.—We give the substance of the examination as reported in the London papers.

The Lord Mayor—Now, prisoner, if you are desirous to clear your character, you will tell where you went on Tuesday morning. Prisoner—Surdy, please you, my Lord, I'll prove to you that I'm as innocent as that ere book [pointing to the Testament] what lays upon the table, and can't do no hurt to nobody. You see my Lord, I'm a hard working boy, and I gets my bread by making of meat-skewers, and so I gets up early for to go to sell 'em. It's true I came down stairs at three o'clock, because, you see, I had to go to Maidstone for to get rid on 'em; and when I got there I met a traveller and he buys the three dozen of meat-skewers for three bob; but where to find that 'ere gentleman wot bought 'em, or what he sold 'em for again, I can't tell your lordship no more nor the babe wot never saw the world [laughter.]

Prosecutor—My Lord, I'll be on oath he never was a night out of London. Prisoner—Aye, my Lord, you see the body as gives hevidence has the advantage of us there, for you hands him the book for to swear, but there's no Bible for a poor prisoner at all; and I know, if it was the law, there would be many a good hoath taken from this here place where I stands; now that 'ere's a cursed shame not to let a prisoner swear; for it would be a sort of a kind of satisfaction to him, whether he lost or won by it—Could'nt you, my Lord, just take my hoath against that 'ere gentleman?

Prosecutor—My Lord, I'm blessed, he has been at that bar afore for felony. Prisoner—Never, as I knowed on.

One of the officers said, he knew that the prisoner had been up for disputes with his mother, to whom he was very cruel, but was not aware that the ungracious whelp had been ever before accused of felony.

Prisoner—Now, my Lord, which on us would you believe? You see this here gentleman wot belongs to the donkey swears as I was pulled up for felony, when it was nothing but a bit of skrimmage. I'm sure my Lord, you knows the law too well for to say that its a felony for a man to beat his mother? (Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—I know that it is as bad, and that I have sent you to prison for it; and I know, too, that clever as you are, if you don't take more care of yourself, you will get hanged at last. Prisoner—Not if I can help it, please you, my Lord. However, it's hard for an innocent boy to escape, there's such false swearing a going forard. If your Lordship knowed how easy it is for to take a false hoath, you wouldn't fix the life of a mouse upon it. Many a one as swings goes off upon the strength of just kissing the back of that 'ere book. (Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—But you say you walked to Maidstone that morning; I suppose you came home that night? Prisoner—No, my Lord; I got home next morning afore ten o'clock.

The Lord Mayor—How could you afford to ride

home upon the mere profits of the sale? Prisoner—Please you, my Lord, I walked it every step; I trampled it every inch.

The Lord Mayor—I thought you'd overshot the mark; so you walked seventy-two miles from Tuesday to Wednesday morning? Prisoner—I never said no such thing, my Lord; I said I walked to Maidstone, wots only thirty six miles off.

The Lord Mayor—But it is as far from Maidstone to London as it is from London to Maidstone. The Prisoner [rather bothered.]—Well I'm smothered if I know how it was; I know I paddled it all night, and I comed into London in the morning. But the short of it is, my Lord, I no more stole that gentleman's donkey nor your Lordship did. (Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—Some further inquiry shall be made about the robbery, however; and I shall remand you. His Lordship then said with a laugh, "I don't know what is the cause of it, but, somehow or other, since I was first elected to the mayoralty all the asses have been going astray."

Buckings.—On Tuesday Mr. Hill, the dissecting-room porter at the King's College, who was mainly instrumental in bringing the murderers, Bishop and Williams, to justice for their atrocious crimes, came before Mr. Minshull, at Bow-street, and said he had an application to make to him of very considerable importance to his own peace and welfare, and he thought, also, of some consequence to the public. In consequence of the part he had taken in the matter of the Burkites, Bishop and Williams, he had been subject to threats, both verbally and by letter, of the most horrible kind; so that his peace of mind, and that of his family, was almost destroyed, and he was afraid to go out of doors. Only yesterday he received a letter, written in a hand which he thought was not altogether unknown to him, and which he begged to submit to the worthy magistrate for perusal. The following is a copy of this precious epistle omitting the oaths with which it is interspersed:—

"You mundering wretch; you think you are all right to get *tip*, but only *lake* out, for we will have your tripes out before many days *his hover* your head; for, ———, if there shent be another tucked up for you, you *gollas* life selling *wermint*. You think you done the trick up, Master *Billey*; but I will put a *pole* in your *weele*, you *nowing Kovey*.—Yours, *affectionately*,

"THE GHOSTS OF BISHOP AND WILLIAMS."

Mr. Hill said his wife was now lying on a sick bed, entirely in consequence of the threats with which he had been annoyed; and it was very doubtful whether she would recover. His chief object in applying to the magistrate was to ask to what extent he could go, in order to protect himself from harm. He had purchased a pistol, and he wished to be informed if he would be justified in using it, if he were attacked by any of the ruffians with whom he had some unfortunately come in contact? Mr Minshull said he lamented that he should be the subject of attacks of the kind described, but would decline giving any advice as the use which Mr. Hill seemed to suppose he might make of his pistol. He had nothing to do but to apply at thif office, if the threats were repeated.—*Lond. paper.*

"*Subjects.*"—The following extract from an article in "La Tribune," will give further evidence of the impression which the use of this term has made in Paris.

Place on the tombs of the heroes of July, at the Louvre, at the *Marche des Innocens*—place every where in short, this inscription—*Subjects of Charles X, who died that we should become Subjects of Louis Philippe.* On the colors of each regiment embroider also, beneath the Gallic Cock, this holy word, "Subjects." And this word "Subjects" again inscribe on the reverse of the cross of the Legion of Honour—there, where now stands "Our Country." In fine, on the face of our monuments, on the products of our industry and the arts, on the statues of our sculptors on the works of our poets, place a strong seal—a seal with the arms of the House of Bourbon, bearing in relief this same word "Subjects." Then will France, body and soul, property and individuals, present, past and to come, belong to you.

But beforehand, I implore you, interrogate yourselves; enquire and see if you are powerful enough thus to break a lance with our national pride—if your courage will not fail you in the attempt—if your footing is so solid and sure that you are certain it will not slip in the middle of the contest: for, ministers, I forewarn you in the name of these firm and resolute men with whom you engage in the contest, no more mercy will be asked than will be shown to you.—*Courier.*

ANECDOTES.

From last week's Atlas.

CHARACTER OF A HORSE DEALER.—A horse-dealer is a double dealer, for he dealeth more in double meanings than your punster. When he giveth his word, it signifieth little, howbeit it standeth for two significations. He putteth his promises like his colts in a break. Over his mouth, truth, like the turnpike man, writeth up no trust. Wherever he speaketh, his spoke hath more turns than the fore-wheel. He telleth lies, not white only, or black, but likewise grey, bay, chesnut-brown, cream and roan—pyebald and skewbald. He sweareth as many oaths out of court as any man, and more in; for he will swear two ways about a horse's dam. If, by grace, he be something honest, it is only a dapple, for he can be fair and unfair at once. He hath much imagination, for he selleth a complete set of capital harness, of which there be no traces. He advertiseth a coach, warranted on its first wheels, and truly the hind pair are wanting to the bargain. A carriage that hath travelled twenty summers and winters, he describeth well seasoned. He knocketh down machine horses that have been knocked up on the road, but is so tender of heart to his animals, that he parteth with none for a fault; "for," as he sayeth, blindness or lameness be misfortunes." A nag, proper only for dog's meat, he writeth down, but crieth up, "fit to go to any hounds;" or, as may be, "would suit a timid gentleman." Spring-halt he calleth "grand action," and kicking, "lifting the feet well up." If a mare have the farcal disease, he nameth her "out of comedy;" and selleth Blackbird for a racer because he hath a running thrush. Horses that drink only water he justly warranteth to be "temperate," and if dead lame, declareth them "good in all their paces," seeing they can go but one. Roaring he calleth "sound;" and a steed that high bloweth in running, he compareth to Eclipse, for he out-strippeth the wind. Another might be entered at a steeple chase, for why—he is as fast as a church. Thorough-pin with him is synonymous with "perfect leg." If a nag cougheth, 'tis a "clever hack." If his knees be fractured, he is "well broke for gig or saddle." If he reareth, he is "above sixteen hands high." If he hath drawn a tierce in a cart, he is a good fencer. If he biteth, he shows good courage; and he is playful merely, though he should play the devil. If he runneth away, he calleth him "off the Gretna-road, and has been used to carry a lady." If a colt stumbleth, he considereth him a true goer, and addeth "the proprietor parteth from him to go abroad."—*Comic Annual.*

NAMES OF HORSES.—Appositely with the preceding sketch, we may repeat some anecdotes on this subject, recently furnished by the papers.

A horse dealer in Oxford, lately made an addition to his stud of two fine horses, to which he assigned the classical cognomina of Xerxes and Artaxerxes. A gentleman having demanded of him his reason for so doing, he replied, "Why you see as how when I drive tandem I make Xerxes my leader, and puts the other in the shafts, and so I calls him *Arter*-Xerxes."

Tom Dibdin had a horse that he called "Graphy." "What a silly nomen!" said Oxberry. "Not at all," said Tom; "for when I *bought* him, it was *Buy*-a-graphy; when I mounted, I was *Top*-o-graphy; and when I want him to trot, it's *Gee-ho*-graphy.

One of the English journals says—a French paper in noticing that Colonel Peel sold his horse, *Non Compos*, for 2,000 guineas, asks what must be *the state of the people* in such a country, and calls it a "home question." It seems to us that an equally apt enquiry would be whether the purchaser was not as much entitled to the name as the horse.—*Ed. At.*

COMETS.—The approaching year, 1832, will introduce to us one of these extraordinary phenomena, which at so recent a period as the middle of the fifteenth century, had struck civilized Europe with terror and dismay. It appears that another comet and the only one, whose elements have been accurately ascertained amongst the 500 which are supposed to belong to our system, will pay us in 1835 his periodical visit, after an absence then of seventy-six years. And what shall render this comet of 1835 still more remarkable is, that it happens to be that very one which blazed with a tail of such immense extent in the year 1456, as it will also in 1835, occupying an arch of ninety degrees in the heavens, or half the celestial hemisphere; and whose singular appearance at that period, together with the invasion of Europe by the Saracens, and the complete destruction of the Constantinopolitan Greek Empire in Asia, so terrified Christian Princes as to have caused Pope Calixsus to issue a form of prayer wherever both the Turks and the Comet had been propitiated.—*Time's Telescope.*

PURCHASED GIFTS.—If it should be wondered at that a subject cannot receive a gift from his Sovereign without paying for it to some one person or more, how will it surprise to hear that, within a century, the King could not make himself a present upon any other terms. In the fourth volume of Earl Oxford's works, among his "Reminiscences," written in 1788, we find the subsequent anecdote of George the First:—"This is a strange country," said his Majesty; "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks, a canal, &c., which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the Ranger of *my* park, sent me a brace of carp out of *my* canal: and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant, for bringing me *my own carp*, out of *my own canal*, in *my own park*."

REMAINS OF WASHINGTON.—In the late proceedings of Congress, Mr. Burgess made the following statement. We had heard it before, but questioned its authenticity.

"Not many years ago a felonious gardener of the late proprietor of Mount Vernon, conceived the sacrilegious project of plundering the family cemetry of those sacred remains, and of transporting to Europe the bones of Washington and there offering them for sale, as relics, to the disciples, or the fanatics of freedom in the Old World. Procuring a false, or purloining the true key, he entered the tomb; but, in the darkness of the night, and under the excitement of a horror, natural to the deed, he bore away those of another, by mistake, and left the hallowed bones of him whose country would now with filial piety place these sacred remains, perfectly secured, in a great national mausoleum, under the eye, and in the safe keeping of all future generations."

GASTRONOMIC INTELLIGENCE—*Anchovy Sauce.*—This sauce is prepared by pounding anchovies to a pulp. The mass is often coloured by the addition of Venetian red; and as Venetian red is frequently adulterated with red lead, it follows that anchovy sauce must occasionally be rendered poisonous by lead. Any of the tests; for detecting lead will expose the mixture.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER.—"I dined,' says Brand, "at the Chaplain's table at St. James's, on Christmas day, 1806, and partook of the first thing served and eaten on that festival at that table—*i. e.* a turreen full of rich, luscious, plum porridge. I do not know that the custom is any where else retained." This custom was kept up during the reign of George III. and a portion of the porridge was sent to the different officers of his Majesty's Household. The following is a list of the ingredients which entered into the composition: Leg of Veal, 40 lbs.; 6 Shins of Beef; 54 four-penny loaves; double-refined sugar, 60 lbs.; 150 lemons and oranges; sack, 1 doz.; old hock, 1 doz.; sherry, 1 doz.; raisins, 10 lbs,; currants, 40 lbs.; prunes, 30 lbs.; cochineal, 2 oz.; nutmegs, 1 oz.; cinnamon ½ oz.; cloves, ½ oz. In the Palace this luscious composition was called plum broth.

DEAR EGGS.—Louis XVIII. examining his accounts to clear his household of a whole fry of peculating vermin estimated every fresh laid egg on his breakfast table to have cost him upwards of *five and twenty shillings stg!*

CLUBS AND MATRIMONY.—Clubs are just a modification of monasteries—places of refuge from female attentions; and as in former days, the finest architecture, the best situation, the most elaborate *cuisine*, the most refined cellar, are devoted to their use. The principal modern improvements are the omission of fasting and penance, and substitution of magazines for missals. "Whoso enters here leaves hope behind," should be the Wednesday s (Athenæum lady's night) motto. The deep crimson of the walls is alone enough to annihilate a thousand of the rose-coloured visions which haunted last night's quadrille. All a young lady should pray for is a severe lingering fit of illness, to impress upon her debating lover a just feminine valuation; fevers and agues are the best stepping stones to the hymeneal altar.—*Miss Landon.*

GOING TO POT.—A tailor of Samarcand, living near the gate that led to the burying-place, had by his shop-board an earthen pot hanging upon a nail, into which he threw a small stone when any corpse was carried by; and at the end of every moon he counted the contents of the pot, in order to ascertain the number of the deceased. At length the tailor died himself, and sometime after one who was unacquainted with his death, observing his shop to be deserted, inquired what had become of him? One of the neighbours of the deceased answered, "the tailor himself is gone to *the pot* as well as the rest." [We do not vouch for the correctness of this explananation; nor that which we place in connexion with it.]

GETTING YOUR FOOT IN.—According to the *Asiatic Researches*, a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the client and not the lawyer who "puts his foot into it."

UNION OF LITERARY COMPOSITIONS!—At a large literary party in Edinburgh, some years ago, it was mentioned that a certain well known literary character had written two poems, one called "the Bible," the other, "the Ocean," that he was offering them to the booksellers, who, however, would not accede to his terms of publication, and that the worthy author was therefore puzzled not a little as to what he should do with his productions. "Why," remarked a sarcastic gentleman who was present, "I think the doctor could not do better than throw the one into the other."—*Chalmers.*

ARCHITECTURAL EXTRAVAGANCE.—A cathedral is said to have been built at Sierra Leone in 1824, at a cost of 70,000*l*, for the accommodation of not more than 20 or 30 persons; and that is now a heap of ruins, and without a roof. [Is this true?]

SIGN BOARDS.—At Nuneaton, near Coventry, the first sign is peculiarly facetious, i. e.—"The Cheshire Cheese, Nuneaton" (*none eaten*). In the same town are the following curious announcements:—"Fresh eggs laid every day—by me, W. Bewley." And at an inn—"Coaches four times a day, and *returned* chaises *stop going and coming!*"

"SEEKING THE BUBBLE REPUTATION IN THE"——Vatal, that martyr to culinary fame, whose fate is so pleasantly recorded by Mme. de Sevigne, has lately found an imitator in a baker at St. Jean d'Angely. His first batch failing, he tore his hair with vexation, but a second batch being also spoiled, he became overwhelmed with disappointment, and in his despair seized a musket and blew out his brains!—*French paper.*

LAW FOR LAWYERS.—In Spain, before any barrister, attorney, or notary, is admitted to practice he is obliged to swear that he will defend the poor gratis. That this gratuitous labour may be the more equally divided, 30 are every year appointed from each class to defend the poor in civil cases, and every one is accounted poor who can swear himself worth less than 1,000 reals (40*l.*) In criminal cases the accused is entitled to make choice of any barrister in Madrid to defend him.

THE SUICIDE.

In imitation of Hood.

There was a man, named Daniel Dabb
(A hapless man was he,)
Who sometime lived at a *sea-port*,
But it was not *Portsea*.
He dealt in fish and mended shoes,
But could not make it do,
Although he sometimes *sold a fish*,
And sometimes *soled a shoe*.

So of a quack he learned to deed,
And draw teeth with precision,
And as he knew the *heeling* art,
He set up as *physician*.
He took a cellar, which you know
Is always under ground,
And sometimes *heel'd* a pair of shoes
And sometimes *heal'd* a wound.

'By fish and shoes and drugs,' said he
'I hope I shall rise higher,
For by a *cellar* I can't live,
Unless I have a *buyer*.
On wealth I've staked my *all* and *last*,
And trust that I shall win it,
For if a *tray* of trades won't win,
I think the *deuce* is in it.'

But people would not have teeth drawn
Because it gave them pain;
And bleeding, when folks will not bleed,
You know is all in *vein*.
One day, when at his cellar-head,
He sat with doleful face,
A servant maid came up to him,
And asked him for a *plaice*.

He'd herrings *shotten*, though not *shot*,
That shone like any gem,
And though he'd placed them all in *row*
Roes had no place in them.
Says Sue, 'they are all skin and scales,
And full of bones within;'
Says he, 'I've *mussels* without *bones*,
And very little *skin*.'

Says Sue, 'they're poison, though I own
That I for some with soy long;
And as for *poison* I've heard say,
The French call all fish *poisson*.
But I should like a little fish.'
Says Dan, 'I've no white-bait;
And as the eels are *slippery things*,
You'd better take a *skate*.'

'Oh no! a plaice I want,' says Sue:
Says Dan, 'this is the case,
Because I was not out in time,
You see I'm out of plaice.'
'Indeed,' says Sue; 'why so am I.
My mistress wants one stronger:
And though she says I am too *short*,
She does not want me *longer*.'

'If that's the case, dear Sue,' says Dan,
'Why something must be done;
So as we two are out of place,
Why let us two make one.
To mend folks' shoes, and serve them fish
Some want of help I feels;
So while I drive nails in their *toes*,
Why you can skin your *eels*.'

'Oh, no,' says Sue, 'that will not do:
I'll find some other work;
For since you are a *mussel-man*,
You'd use me like a *Turk*.'
So off she ran, and left poor Dan
A disappointed elf;
And when he'd cried fish all that day,
At night he cried himself.

Next morn on a large nail he hung,
And hung till he was pale;
For though death took him off the hooks
He could not off the nail.
And when they bore him to the grave,
Sue wrung her hands and cried;
And some one rung his knell, although
It was for *Sue-he-sighed*."

Feb. 1830. *Lit. Gaz.*

PORCELAIN.—It is a very common opinion in China that the porcelain ware made by their ancestors was superior in quality to any more recently manufactured. This belief is grounded on the fact, that pieces of porcelain are frequently dug from the earth, which are uniformly found to be of the very finest description. It has been remarked, that this fact is not by any means conclusive evidence on this subject; the buried pieces were most probably concealed during the period of civil commotion, on account of their value, and in order to preserve them for their owners, who were without an equal inducement to bury articles of more common use. An opinion likewise prevails, and is supported by reference to the same fact, that the quality of porcelain vessels is improved in beauty by a lengthened burying in the earth; and the same answer has been applied to this as to the first mentioned assertion.—*Cab. Cyclop.*

Shoes, to the amount $125,000 are said to have been disposed of at the New-England sale at Boston last week. The number of pairs of boots and shoes manufactured in Lynn, Mass in 1831, is stated at 1,675,781, value $942,171; number of journeymen employed 1,741; number of females 1,775; value of material used in the manufacture $413,350.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1832.

A PROPER INTRODUCTION.

Very disagreeable consequences sometimes arise for the want of a proper introduction to strangers. The mere mention of the name is not sufficient. It should be accompanied with a short history of the individual himself, together with those of his connexions. His political and religious preferences should be hinted at; and, in short, such a history given, that, in his presence or in conversation with him no improper theme may be broached, and no offensive phrase introduced.

For want of observing this rule, how many unpleasant consequences have followed! How many ears have been pained, how many faces suffused with crimson, by hearing the unlucky mention of some circumstance, or some trait, which happens to be discreditable to a brother, a father, a husband, an uncle, an aunt, a grandmother, or some other connexion. How often has a man, through sheer ignorance, mentioned a rope in the presence of one who has had a relation hung! how often spoken lightly of the treadmill, or the state prison, before one who has some kindred actually undergoing the probation of one of those institutions!

A proper and thorough-going introduction should be something like the following: "I make you acquainted with"—or, "Permit me to introduce to you" —or, "It gives me great pleasure to introduce to your acquaintance, Mr. Hardcastle, of New York, wholesale dealer in iron ware, a staunch Presbyterian, and a thorough-going Jackson man." This will prevent your saying any thing offensive on religion, politics, or the trade in iron ware.

Again: "I make you acquainted with Doctor Gallipot, of Philadelphia—son of the late celebrated Doctor Gallipot of that place—himself the inventor of the double lipped tweezers—a man of no particular religion, and the same in politics." This short history will enable you to pay a proper compliment to his descent, as well as to his own personal merits.

Again: "I have the pleasure of introducing you to Mrs. Prettyman, relict of the late Honourable Jeremiah Prettyman, and the mother of three beautiful daughters, worth forty thousand dollars a-piece."—Such an introduction, if you are a bachelor, may be of the utmost importance to you, by enabling you to act the agreeable to the old lady; to say many fine things of her daughters' beauty, and thus perhaps pave the way to an acquaintance which will be the absolute making of you—whereas, without this little introductory history, you might as likely as not blab out something disagreeable to the Honorable Widow, and so unwittingly mar all your prospects in that quarter.

Again: "I make you acquainted with Miss Halcyon, the second daughter of Thomas Halcyon, Esquire, a distinguished lawyer, and at present a candidate for Congress. She sings charmingly, and plays on the piano divinely. Her eldest sister is married to a thriving merchant; and she has three other sisters, almost as pretty as herself, unmarried." After this introduction, you can scarcely be at a loss how to demean yourself so as to win the good graces of all concerned.

Other examples might be named. But these will suffice to show the true mode of proceeding; and any man's own judgment will teach him how to vary the rules above laid down, so as to suit them to all the different cases that may usually arise.

In regard, however, to those, to whose family or connexions some disagreeable recollection clings, the case is one of no little difficulty. It will not do to name, in the hearing of the person introduced, the unfortunate circumstance, for that would be offering a certain insult for the sake of obviating a possible offence.

An introduction, somewhat of this nature, took place some years ago at Dartmouth College. Dr. John Wheelock, the President, was in general one of the politest men alive. But he had a dull student, whom he was tired of attempting to instruct; and who, though he had been there five years, was only in the Senior class. Having occasion to introduce him one day, he said, "Permit me, sir, to introduce to your acquaintance, Mr. *Senior* ———, in his *fifth year*." This was exceedingly galling to the poor Senior, and was any thing but Christian politeness in the Reverend Doctor.

In this class of unlucky cases we know not how to come at the matter, unless it be by a private hint, or some mode of communication like the signs in freemasonry. It would be quite outrageous to introduce a man thus: "I make you acquainted with Mr. Twistem, who had a grandfather hanged, an aunt sent to the house of correction, and an uncle to the whipping-post." To be sure, it would prevent your naming those offensive topics unwittingly. But it would be like killing a man, for fear he should chance to break his leg.

Without, however, attempting to prescribe rules for these unfortunate cases, we will avail ourselves of the present opportunity to relate two or three instances of the rather uncomfortable effects of the want of a proper introduction.

An acquaintance of ours, whom we shall call Tom Thorn, happened a short time since to be introduced in the usual way to a gentleman by the name of Johnson. He was a married man, who was a little henpecked, and a good deal jealous. Our acquaintance knew nothing of this, and most unluckily fell into a conversation upon the very matters calculated to be disagreeable. He observed that jealous men were very apt to be henpecked, and that henpecked men had great reason to be jealous. We endeavored to hint to Tom that he was treading on forbidden ground; but he was too much engaged to notice our endeavors, while poor Johnson seemed to sit on a hetchell with the teeth upwards.

"A jealous husband," said Thorn, "is the poorest of all miserable devils—"

Johnson looked as though he thought so too.

"He shows neither that manly pride nor that self-estimation which every man ought to cultivate. He is a most contemptible animal"—

Johnson raised his hand to his forehead, as if to ascertain what kind of animal.

"And if he has no real cause to be jealous," continued Tom, "he deserves to have, in order to punish him for his ridiculous weakness."

"Are you a married man?" asked Johnson, with a groan.

"I have not that happiness," said Thorn. "But if I had, you would never find me henpecked nor jealous. The grey mare should never be the better horse in my family."

"I beg you may have the happiness to try it," said Johnson.

"I beg I may," said Thorn. "By the by, Mr. Johnson, I wish you'd introduce me to your wife."

"My wife! Introduce you to my wife—Sir—I—"

"No excuses, Mr. Johnson; I am persuaded she is both handsome and witty."

"You are not the only man that thinks so," groaned Johnson.

"I hope not—you of course must have the same opinion of her."

"I—yes—Oh, yes—I'm very sensible—"

"A man of your taste could never choose other than an agreeable and accomplished woman."

"She'll accomplish my ruin," muttered the husband to himself.

"What is your opinion of a man so weak as to be ruled by his wife, and such a fool as to be jealous of her affections?"

"I think he ought to go at once and hang himself," applying his hand to his neck as if to ascertain its feasibility—then rising and pleading sudden indisposition, he bade his new acquaintance good bye, and hastily left the room.

Another case was that of a lady who was in the habit of taking a sly drop in her closet. The stranger to whom she was introduced had no hint of this, and some how or other fell into conversation on the very disagreeable topic of female tipplers.

"Of all creatures in the world," said he, "the Lord deliver me from a woman that drinks."

The face of the lady began to grow red.

"It is bad enough in all conscience in a man; but for a woman to take a cup too much, is what no man could put up with."

The lady's countenance grew redder still.

"To see a woman with a stammering tongue, a red face, an unsteady gait, and a drop in the eye, is enough to sober any man, however much inclined he may be to excess in the bottle."

The lady's face by this time was glowing like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace. The immediate cause was a mixture of shame and anger at supposing herself alluded to; but she was actually then under the influence of an extra allowance of her favorite beverage. She presently broke forth—

"You ungentlemanly varlet you!—to come here and abuse me in my own house! to hint that I drink behind the door! and even that I am tipsy at this very moment! How dare you offer such insolence? I move in the most respectable society, and ever have done; and it's only because you're drunk yourself, that you accuse me."

This lady ran on till she was out of breath; and the stranger finding that he had touched an unlucky string, protested he meant no offence, and so far from suspecting her of a fondness for strong drink, he believed her to be a very pattern of sobriety, and a most undeviating votary of cold water and hot tea. With these protestations, he at last succeeded in getting himself out of hot water.

SKETCH OF HAMILTON.—We find in the *Polish Chiefs* some very happy sketches of American character, as displayed at the period of the Revolution. The following, respecting General Hamilton, purports to have been given by Pulawski, in a letter to Dr. Franklin, then minister at the court of France:—

"With great simplicity of character he unites uncommon energies of mind. He gathers knowledge with an intuitive grasp; and holds it with the tenacity of brass. He is as brave as Cæsar, and as honorable as brave. He is cool in command, and furious in attack; he is modest and humane in victory; intrepid and unbroken in defeat. If for a moment you discover some slight error in him, a redeeming quality is found hard by to efface it. If now and then Omphale plays with his sword-knot, she never binds him to the distaff. If sometimes Cupid, in a frolic, traces on his shield the images of beauty—and the bowers of love, it is instantly polished all bright again by its use in the battle-field. In council, with the air and mien of youth, he gives to pondering gravity new matter for reflection, and to irresolute honesty new vigor. They think him a boy when he begins to speak, and a sage when he has finished. He is as well fitted for the deliberative body as the camp; and for the former as for the hall of justice. Wherever he goes there will be a stream of light, wherever he rests, a pillar of fire. He seems unconscious of his superiority, and yet is unawed by the most gifted minds."

THE MARBLEHEADERS.—The following sketch of the inhabitants of Marblehead (Mass.) as they were at the period of the Revolution, is extracted from Col. Knapp's Polish Chiefs:—

"These creatures of the sea—these sons of Neptune are no less renowned for their bravery than their humanity. They shared their pittance, or their plenty, with friends or foes, if those foes were in their power. They gave their beds to wounded prisoners, and took the soft side of a plank themselves. Like the Carthagenians, '*Not ignorant of evil, they learnt to succor the distressed;*' and, like the Romans, they knew no enemies when resistance was at an end. I saw their flag coming in, and going out, and read the record of those who were to return no more. It was a common law among them, that if any mariner was so regardless of his duty as to pass a wreck without extending the utmost assistance in his power, he was tarred and feathered, and dragged about in a cart,—a Yankee mode of punishment,—or his house was razed to the ground. They struck the selfish from their rolls, as they would crush a viper in their paths."

BONAPARTE PLAYING COACHY.—The ambition of Napoleon was not satisfied with holding the reins of state, but he must needs, on one occasion at least, usurp the place of his coachman. As he was taking an airing in the park with his wife and Cambaceres, conceiving a fancy to drive four in hand, he mounted the coach-box, and ordered Cæsar, his favorite coachman, to take his station behind. But it is not every great leader of bipeds that can drive a four-horse team; and the steeds of Bony, very soon discovering that the skilful hand of Cæsar no longer guided them, set off at a full gallop. They very soon became ungovernable, and rushed along the road leading to Bretecil, Cæsar from behind calling out to "keep in the middle;" Cambaceres, still paler, if possible, than his usual cadaverous hue, crying out from the interior, "Stop! stop!" and Madame Bonaparte sitting in silent resignation. The first Consul neither heard nor saw; for on approaching the extremities of the avenue, though the coachman continued to cry, "To the left! to the left!" he could not take the gateway, and running against one of the pillars, overset the coach with a terrible crash. Fortunately the horses stopped. Madame Bonaparte and the second consul escaped with some slight bruises and a great fright. Bonaparte himself had been pitched to a distance of eight or ten paces, and falling on his face, was taken up insensible. He quickly recovered, however. On retiring at night, both he and Josephine amused themselves with talking over the misadventure of the morning. "Mon ami," said she, laughing, "you must render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's—let him keep his whip—each to his vocation."

PLAIN TRUTH TO A GREAT MAN.—When Marshal Lannes was mortally wounded at Esseling, he requested to see Bonaparte, and thus addressed him: "You have committed a great fault in provoking the present war. It has deprived you of your best friend; but it will not correct you. Your ambition is insatiable, and will prove your destruction. You recklessly throw away, and without necessity, the lives of the men who serve you faithfully; and when they die, you do not regret them. You retain none but flatterers near your person; and I no longer see a single friend who dares to tell you the truth. You will be betrayed and forsaken. Curb your disposition for war. It is the general wish. You can never be more powerful; but you may be much less beloved. Pardon a dying man these truths; for that man loved you." The marshal ceased, and extended his hand to his leader, who bathed it in silent tears; for he could not speak. Fortunate would it have been for all had he laid the advice to heart."

GREAT RIDING.—After the victory of Austerlitz, Napoleon's Mameluke, *Moustache*, rode to Paris, a distance of 150 miles, in twelve hours, to carry the news. He was so exhausted when he arrived, that he was obliged to be lifted from his saddle, and his last horse fell dead in the court of the palace.

WAR AGAINST NOVELS.—Napoleon (says Memoe) disliked to see novels any where about his palaces; in traversing the antechambers, if he found any of his attendants reading, he seldom failed to examine the book, and if a novel, condemned it to the flames without mercy.

HOGG'S SONGS.—We find on our table a neat volume of some 300 pages, entitled "Songs, by the Ettrick Shepherd." This collection was first published in Great Britain in 1831. The present is the first American edition, and is published by Wm. Stodart, 6 Cortlandt-street. It is accompanied with a well written preface, giving a sketch of the life and writings of James Hogg, who, from being a shepherd's boy, and without any education, has raised himself to a distinguished rank among the living authors of Europe. Of a writer so well known, it is superfluous to say a word here by way of commendation. We will merely let the volume speak for itself, in one of its own beautiful stanzas:

"Loose the yett, an' let me in,
Lady wi' the glistening ee,
Pinna let your menial train
Drive an auld man out to dee.
Cauldrife is the winter even,
See, the rime hangs at my chin,
Lady, for the sake of Heaven,
Loose the yett, an' let me in!"

FUN IS FUN.—Calling the other morning at the office of Dick Raffles, Esq. we found him at the glass in the act of shaving. Dick had been drinking wine all the night before, and neither his hand nor tongue had as yet become steady. Rip! rip! went the razor over his face, and the blood came at every stroke; while his man, Tom, stood behind him nearly splitting his sides with laughter. The counsellor, with most commendable perseverance, continued his operation, grinning, groaning, and making the most dolorous faces, until at length surveying his gashly countenance more minutely, he turned suddenly round and stammered out—"I s-s-say, Tom, f-fun is f-fun—but, d—n it! I wish you wouldn't open oysters with my razor!"

ORIGINAL DEFINITIONS.

Ill-et. A Cockney's expression for all hat.
Bo-hea. A beau of the masculine gender.
Dul-cet. A stupid set.
Dumb-ly. A lie that can't say a word.
Fe-line. A line whereby fees are obtained.
Prop-a-gate. To hold up a gate.
Sally-port. Sally, fetch on the Port.
Spare-rib. One wife too many.
Ton-sure. A ton at least.
Wind-pipe. Wind, be good enough to tune up your pipes.
Wise-acre. A knowing piece of land.
Yel-low. To scream in a low voice.

A BITTER NAME.—Mr. and Mrs. *Wormwood* have applied to the Massachusetts legislature for a change of name. What bitterness there must have been in the family! The good lady has doubtless *rued* the day that she ever took such a cognomen. But what other *yarb* is to be substituted, we have not heard—whether it is Dock, Burdock, Tansy, or Gill-go-over-the-ground. Any thing is preferable to Wormwood.

MR. ANDERSON.—This gentleman, about whom such a row was made a few months since at the Park Theatre, we understand is preparing to make his appearance at the Richmond Hill. He has come out with a new and most humble apology, in which he solicits the forgiveness of the public for the errors and acts of imprudence which he acknowledges himself to have committed on his arrival in this country.

For ourselves, we have never had but one opinion on this subject—namely, that Mr. Anderson should be treated on the stage according as he demeans himself in that situation, without regard to any out-door occurrence. But to those, who thought it right to punish him on the stage for his errors abroad, we would suggest whether that punishment has not been carried far enough; and whether, since he has made so very humble an apology, they should not now receive him with pardon and favor. It is neither generous nor just to carry one's resentments beyond the

bounds; and we hope, for the credit of the city, that no more rows nor riots may take place on his account.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NO. IX.

LITERARY CHALLENGE.—The first publication which brought de Scudery into notice, was his edition of the works of his friend Theophile. He concludes the preface with these singular expressions:—"I do not hesitate to declare, that amongst all the dead, and all the living, there is no person who has any thing to show that approaches the force of this vigorous genius, but if amongst the latter, any one were so extravagant as to think that I detract from his imaginary glory, to shew him that I fear as little as I esteem him, this is to inform him that my name is

DE SCUDERY.

Curiosities of Literature.

THE ASSYRIAN WIFE OF PIETRO DELLA VALLE, *the celebrated Italian Traveller.*—Sitti Maani Gioreridda was born in Mesopotamia, of a Christian (Armenian) family. When very young she became the wife of the wandering Italian; she accompanied him on his journeys, and even in the battles he fought as an officer of the Persian king. A premature death separated her from the husband of her choice, as he was preparing to carry her to India—her body he *did* carry; he had it secured in a coffin: for four years it was the inseparable companion of his long and perilous travels; and, at the end of that period, he deposited it with great pomp in the tomb of his noble ancestors at Rome, pronouncing himself her funeral oration.—*Notes to the Armenians.*

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.—His devotion to the Protestant succession and the whig interest was unbounded: in support of which he did not scruple to appear at one time, as a leader of the Mug-house party; or at another, prepared to drown a county in wine, in support of a candidate of the right sort. And it may be truly said, that he literally expended a princely fortune in their cause. His real character did not appear to those who saw him only at his levees or his table. He expected great attention from his dependents; and was keen to mark any instance of want of respect or punctuality in those who attended him at either. As the Duke seemed to live in a perpetual bustle, bordering on confusion, the world drew unfavorable conclusions as to his capacity; but he had a good share of learning, and his talents for business were considerable. He could, when occasion required, withdraw from company, and the indulgences attendant thereon, to his cabinet, and pen a letter of importance, or a dispatch to a foreign minister, with great readiness and accuracy: and, upon several occasions he spoke well in parliament. His memory was remarkably tenacious and correct as to persons and circumstances the most minute. The greatest defect in his character was want of sincerity: he was too ready to promise what he knew he could not perform. During the course of his long political life, he had, at one time or other, been possessed of almost every place of honour or profit that his sovereign could bestow.—*Noble's Contin. Granger's Biographical History.*

BISHOP HORNE.—The merits of this amiable divine were acknowledged by men of all sects. John Wesley, who was not accustomed to speak highly of the clergy of the establishment, once observed, on seeing him pass the window of an inn at which he was standing,—"There goes a man, who, if he had lived in the first days of Christianity, would have been an apostle!"

ANCIENT TUNNEL.—Beneath the Euphrates runs a bridge of wonderful construction, uniting invisibly the royal palaces that are built on each side of it. It is said, a woman of the Median nation, who formerly possessed the empire, joined the river by means of a bridge in a way never done before. After having collected on each bank of the river, the stones, and brass, and bitumen, and whatever other materials were necessary for building in the water, she turned the course of the stream into the contiguous morasses. This dried up the channel, and then she caused a trench to be dug across it of the depth of two *orguias* (or twelve feet), through which a passage might be, as on dry land, to the palaces that stood on each side. This passage was covered with an arch of the same elevation with the bed of the river, and its foundation and sides were made as fast as they could; but as the bitumen required water to harden and to make it cement, the Euphrates was let in over the arch to give it solidity and a durable consistence.—*Philostratus.*

MANNERS.—What a rare gift is that of manners! how difficult to define—how much more difficult to impart! Better for a man to possess them, than wealth, beauty, or talent; they will more than supply all.—No attention is too minute, no labor too exaggerated, which tends to perfect them. He who enjoys their advantages in the highest degree, viz.: he who can please, penetrate, persuade, as the object may require possesses the subtlest secret of the diplomatist and the statesman, and wants nothing but the opportunity to become "great."—*Pelham.*

NACKTSHIVAN.*—We entered the quarter where the shops are stationed. It is a very lofty covered street, or cloister, surrounding a square, after the manner of the *Palais Royal* at Paris. Every trade has its peculiar station assigned, as in the *bazars* of Constantinople. The shops were all well stored, and a rapid sale was going on; the owners in many instances were really Mahommedans, who manufactured slippers, sandals, and boots, in colored leather. Among other tradesmen we observed tobacconists, paper-makers, clothiers, linen-drapers, grocers, butchers, bakers, blacksmiths, silk-mercers, dealers in Indian shawls, &c. Their bakers make bread of a very superior quality; and according to a salutary Asiatic custom, it is publicly made and publicly baked, so that the whole process of preparing the most important article of food is open to the inspection of every one. The crowd passing before the shops resembled a masquerade, where the costly embroidered vestments of rich Armenian merchants, were contrasted with the coarse hides covering wild Tartars, the long furred pelisses of the Turks, the military but simple garb of the Cossacks, the uncouth uniform of the Russian police, and the greasy trappings of the Calmucks.—*Dr. Clarke's Travels.*

* An Armenian colony situated on the banks of the Don.

ABBE DE BERNIS.—He was a gallant chubby-cheeked poet, fresh coloured, much of a beau; and with the *Gentil* Bernard, made pretty verses for the jovial suppers of Paris. Voltaire used to call him the flower-girl of Parnassus, and in society he was more familiarly called *Babet*, from the name of a pretty flower-girl of that time. From this point he started, and became, by the interest of the beautiful Madame d'Estioles, a cardinal, and an ambassador from France to the court of Rome. He had in vain solicited from Boyer, the old Bishop of Mirepoix, a pension on some abbey. This bishop, who set but little value on gallant poetry, and who knew the life this abbe led, had harshly declared to him that so long as he (Boyer) should continue in place, he had nothing to hope for; to which de Bernis replied, "*My Lord Bishop, I shall wait;*" a reply that became current in society, and was considered peculiarly happy. His fortune then consisted of a prebendary at Brionde, which was worth nothing to him on account of his absence, and of a little sinecure at Boulogne-sur-mer, that he got I know not how. The last time I saw the abbe was on the day when in the habit of a cardinal, in a red hat, red stockings, and with a *rochet* trimmed with the richest point lace, he was going to present himself to the king. I traversed his antichambers between two long rows of servants in new scarlet dresses laced with gold. On entering his closet I found him vain-glorious as a peacock, unable to weary himself with looking at his *rochet* and his scarlet stockings. "Don't you think me well-dressed?" said he. "Exceedingly well," I answered, "your new dignity sits admirably on you, and I come to congratulate you." "And my livery servants, what do you think of them?" "I took them for the gilded troop who were come to compliment you." These were the last words that passed between us. I easily consoled myself for not owing any thing to him, not only because I saw in him nothing but a coxcomb invested with the purple, but because I soon beheld him rude and ungrateful to her who had created him; for nothing weighs so heavily as gratitude when we owe it to the ungrateful.—*Marmontel's Memoirs.*

THE MOON.—There is, I know not why, something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination in contemplating the Queen of Night, when she is *wading*, as the expression is, among the vapors which she has not the power to dispel, and which on their side are unable entirely to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of patient virtue, calmly treading her path through good report and bad report, having that excellence in herself which ought to command all admiration, but bedimmed in the eyes of the world, by suffering, by misfortune, by calamity.—*Woodstock.*

Accident to an Idiot.—The following is a curious instance of the want of physical irritability, which so frequently accompanies madness and idiotcy. Last week, a boy of weak intellect, who occasionally is at Mr. Joshua Sheard's mill, at Chickenley, near Dewsbury, got into the mill during the dinner hour, and contrived to set a machine in motion, which in a short time laid hold of him, and took off his hand. He went out of the mill, and found the fire-keeper, and said to him, "*Natty, I have lost my hand, and I cannot find it.*" The man was so much alarmed, that instead of attending to the boy, he ran into the mill, and the boy becoming exhausted with the loss of blood, fell on the cinder heap. He was found there by the workmen, who were returning to their work; and one of them took off his garter and tied it tight round the boy's arm to stop the bleeding. The boy is now doing well.—*English paper.*

The Literary War between FRASER, the Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, and BULWER, the novelist, now Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, has produced the following Shot from Fraser, in his January number for the present year.

E. A. AND E. B.

A Christmas Carol, to the tune of "God save you merry gentlemen."

"Impius ante ARAM, atque auri cœcus amore."

E. Aram was a pedagogue,
So sullen and so sad;
E. Bulwer was a gentleman,
Wot plied as Colburn's Cad;
And deeds of both, I grieve to say,
Were werry, werry bad.

E. Aram he whipped little boys,
With malice and with ire:
E. Bulwer wrote whig articles,
As Beelzebub did inspire:
And both of them they did these things,
All for the sake of hire.

E. Aram killed a man one day,
Out of a dev'lish whim,
E. Bulwer did almost the same—
A deed well nigh as grim:
For Aram he murder'd Daniel Clarke,
And Bulwer he murder'd *him.*

E. Aram's crime it was impell'd
That cash he might purloin;
E. Bulwer did his wickedness,
For love of Colburn's coin:
Alas! that money should debauch
Two geniuses so fine!

E. Aram was sent to jail,
And hang'd upon a tree;
E. Bulwer is in parliament,
A shabby—genteel M. P.;
But if he writes such murdering books,
What must his ending be?
Why that in *Fraser's Magazine*,
His gibbet we shall see.

In the window of a barber's shop in Goodman's Fields, is exhibited a professional announcement, in writing, which, for its poetical excellence, we give in its genuine form and purity.

I. ISAACS,
I these way tries lucks:
I shaves for a penny,
Never cuts any;
I bleeds,
Pulls teeth—and cups:
Below I feeds
And trains and breeds
Young bull-dogs, and all other sorts of *gentleman pups.*—And
I blacks shoes
For Christians—besides Jews.

A young raw preacher is a bird not yet fledged that hath hopped out of his nest to be chirping on a hedge, and will be straggling abroad at what peril soever. The pace of his sermon is a full career, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock stops him. The labor of it is, chiefly in his lungs; and the only thing he has made in it himself, is the faces. His action is all passion, and his speech interjections. He has an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. His style is compounded of twenty several men's, only his body imitates some one extraordinary. He will not draw his handkerchief out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is that he never looks upon a book, and indeed he was never used to it. He preaches but once a year, though twice on Sunday; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered: He has more tricks with a sermon, than a tailor with an old cloak, to turn it, and piece, and at last quite disguises with a new preface. If he have waded farther in his profession, and would show reading of his own, his authors are portels, and his school divinity a catechism.—*Bishop Earle.*

Peculiarities of the present Congress of U.S. On a prominent Hill stand two White Halls of Congress covered in by an experienced Tyler, over which hang two Bells of different metal, but of similar sound. Within the inner Chambers dwells an Angel, with a whole Troup of big and little Kings, attended by a grand Marshall and an expert Archer who flourishes a small Kane to preserve order and Pearce those who attempt to enter without leave. In the north east corner of the edifice a living monster is exhibited. It is neither Moore nor less than a Sevier looking Wilde Mann from Holland, with two huge Broadheads, a double Chinn and only one cloven Foot. In the front of each head protrudes a prodigious Horn about five or six feet in length His keepers consist of two Shepperds, a Butcher, and two Cooks, who say he is very partial to the ladies and Bent on matrimony. In time of Lent they feed him on Reeds and a peculiar Root of which he is very fond. A strange story is likewise told, of his having eaten at one meal the whole of an entire Choate, a Crane and forty-eight Young Robbins After eating, the Stewart gives him whiskey, which he considers a great Boon. He likes to Hunt, and rides out often in a Carr drawn by one Roane Griffin. When fatigued he is a wonderful sleeper, on some occasions does not awake even for whole Knights, Double-days and Weeks. This prodigy must have been a Dear-born child to his parents, who, it is said went to their long Holmes in a mutiny on board two Dutch Boggs to the Southard of Bergen. In one of the Wings of the building are the Branch Banks, a Harper, a Cooper, a Collier, and a Chandler with his Potts, a Taylor, a Mercer, and two Barbers. The opposite corner is occupied by a Miller, a Mason, a Bencher and several Smiths, who sometimes Polk a red hot Coulter to the nose of a large roaring Lyon at whose feet reposes a modern Daniel.

Curious remedy for Cholera.—A curious case illustrative of the utility of external irritants, occurred to Dr. Scholtz. He was called to see a house servant (Dvornick,) whom he found in the last stage of the paralytic form of cholera, and apparently in *agonia mortis.* In this situation Dr. Scholtz could not resolve to send him to the hospital, fearing he might die on the road, and thought it even superfluous to prescribe for him, especially as he declared that he could take nothing. He, therefore, merely desired the patient's comrade to rub his abdomen with warm tar, and left him in the supposition that he had not half an hour to live. The next day Dr. Scholtz, on inquiring for the patient, was much astonished to hear that he was completely out of danger, and not less to learn how his prescription had been followed. The comrade of the patient had immediately set a pot of tar on the fire, had heated it to ebullition, and then, with a large painting brush, had laid on a thick coat of boiling tar, over the whole abdomen of the patient. The cholera was gone, but the whole skin of the anointed parts was gone with it. It is remarkable, that at the beginning of this terrible operation the patient hardly felt it, though, as might naturally be expected, he suffered severely before it was over.—*Medical Gazette.*

Anecdote.—A correspondent at Boston has favored us with the following anecdote, which he assures us is authentic:

A few evenings since, as Deacon A. of Boston, was returning home to supper, he was met in the street by a "member of the House," from "down along shore," who requested to be directed to the Theatre. "Come to my house and sup," said the Deacon, who recognised an old acquaintance, "and afterwards you can go with me." After supper, the Deacon took his guest along with him to the Rev. Dr. B.'s Church. As they were ascending the steps, the member whispered to his guide, that he thought he should get a gallery ticket, "No," said the Deacon, "come with me and set in my box"—and in they went. In service time, the "member" appeared evidently disconcerted. He looked at the minister—and at his friend—then round the house, and at the minister again—then rolled his tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other—but said nothing. At length the services were concluded, and as they were retiring, the Deacon asked his companion how he liked the play. "Why," answered the member, at the same time discharging a quart of tobacco juice which had been accumulating in his mouth during service time, upon the elegant broad aisle carpet, "Why, the *play* was good enough, but you had the *awkwardest actor* ever I saw, and be d—d to him!"

Ancient Families.—The following is an amusing instance of the tenacity with which the Highlanders hold to the honors and antiquity of their kindred. A dispute arose between Campbell and M'Lean upon this never-ending subject. M'Lean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the M'Leans in antiquity, who he insisted were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical lore, than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan M'Lean was before the flood. "Flood! what flood?" said M'Lean. "The flood that, you know, drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks," said Campbell. "Pooh! you and your flood," said M'Lean, "my clan was afore ta flood." "I have not read in my Bible," said Campbell, "of the name of M'Lean going into Noah's ark." "Noah's ark!" retorted M'Lean, in contempt, "who ever heard of a M'Lean that had not a boat of their own."—*Glasgow Courier.*

The Tipsy Member.—A member of Parliament applied to the post office, to know why some of his franks had been *charged.* The answer was: "We supposed, sir, they were not your writing, the *hand* is not the *same.*" "Why, not precisely the same; but the truth is, I happened to be a *little tipsy* when I wrote them." "Then, sir, you will be so good in future, to write *drunk* when you make *free!*"

ENTERTAINING THE PACHA.

We find the following "part of a story" in the Atlas, taken from a foreign magazine. Many tales are listened to daily with equal confidence that have no better foundation.

* * * * * I had proceeded several miles without encountering any body at that still hour of the night, occasionally alarmed at the barking of some snarling cur, as I passed through the small villages in my route,—when, worn out with fatigue and cold, I sat down under a hedge to screen myself from the cold "mistral" which blew. As the wind lulled, I heard sounds of voices in lamentation, which appeared to proceed from the road at a short distance. I rose, and continued my route, when I stumbled over the body of a man. I examined him by the faint light that was emitted from the stars. He was quite dead; and it immediately occurred to me that a robbery had been committed, and the lamentations which I had heard proceeded from those who had escaped with their lives. The cloak of the dead man was lying underneath him; it was a *rapote*, such as are worn by officers. I unclasped it from his neck, round which it was fastened with two bear's-paws chased in silver, and, wrapping it round my benumbed limbs, proceeded further on to where I now occasionally heard voices much plainer than before. I again fell in with two more prostrate bodies, and, as the day had now begun to break, perceived that they were clothed like people of low condition. Passing my hand over their faces, I felt that they were quite dead and stiff. Afraid that if found close to the spot, and unable to give any account of myself, I should be accused of murder, I thought of immediate flight; but the plaintive voice of a woman met my ears, and it was an appeal that I could not resist. I proceeded a few yards further, and perceived a carriage, the horses of which lay dead in their traces, with the driver beside them. To the hind wheels were secured with ropes an elderly man and a young woman.

'Heaven be praised, my dear father, help is at hand!' said the young woman, as I approached; and as I came close to them, she cried out, 'Oh, I know him by his cloak; it's the gentleman who defended us so gallantly, and whom we supposed to have been killed. Are you much hurt, Sir?'

Aware that I had better be any body than myself, with my usual invention and presence of mind I replied, 'Not much, Madam, thanks be to Heaven!' I was stunned, and they left me for dead: I am happy that I am still alive, to be of service to you:' and I immediately proceeded to cast loose the ropes by which the father and daughter (as by their conversation they appeared to be) had been confined to the wheels. The robbers had stripped them both nearly to the skin, and they were so numbed with the cold that they could scarcely stand when they were unbound,—the poor girl especially, who shivered as if suffering under a tertian ague. I proposed that they should enter the carriage as the best shelter they could receive from the bitter keen wind which blew, and they agreed to the prudence of my suggestion.

'If I am not requesting too great a favour, Sir,' said the old gentleman, 'I wish you would lend my poor daughter that cloak, for she is perishing with the cold.'

'I will with pleasure, Sir, as soon as you are both in the carriage,' replied I; for I had made up my mind how to proceed. I assisted them in, and, shutting the door, slipped off the cloak and put it in at the window, saying, 'Believe me, Madam, I should have offered it to you before, but the fact is, the rascals served me, as I lay stunned, in the same manner as they have you, and I must now go in search of something to cover myself.' I then went off at a quick pace, hearing the young woman exclaim, 'Oh, my father, he has stripped himself to cover me!'

I immediately returned to the body of the gentleman, whose cloak I had borrowed, and for whom I had no doubt that I had been mistaken. I stripped off all the clothes from his rigid limbs, and put them on: they fitted me exactly, and, what was more fortunate, were not stained with blood, as he had received his death-wound from a bullet in the brain. I then dragged the body to the other side of the hedge, where I threw it into a ditch, and covered it with long grass, that it might not be discovered. Daylight had made its appearance before I had completed my toilet; and when I came back to the carriage, the old gentleman was loud in his thanks. I told him that returning to strip one of the other bodies I had found my own clothes in a bundle, which the robbers had left in their haste to escape from pursuit.

The young lady said nothing, but sat shrouded up in the cloak, in one corner of the carriage. I now entered into conversation with the old gentleman, who explained to me how the attack began, before I had come to their assistance; and from the information I received from him, I was enabled to form a very good idea of the story that I was to tell. I found that I had been on horseback with my servant, when I rode to their assistance; that we had been both supposed to be killed, and that we were about five miles from any post town.

By this time it was broad daylight, and I made another discovery, which was, that I was wearing an officer's undress. Anxious to gratify my curiosity by a sight of the young lady, I turned to her, as she lay muffled up in the cloak, and expressed a hope that she did not feel cold. She put her head out, and answered in the negative with such a sweet smile, upon such a sweet face as I never had before witnessed. I looked at her, as if transfixed, and did not take my eyes off until she blushed, and again sunk back as before.

This brought me to my recollection: I offered to go for assistance, and my services were thankfully accepted. I passed by the men who had been killed, as I went on my mission; one was habited in a livery similar to the coachman who lay dead by his horses; the other was in that of a groom, and I took it for granted that he had been my servant. I searched in his pockets for information, and, collecting the contents, commenced reading them as I walked along.

By his memoranda I found out that I had come from Aix. By letters and papers in my pockets I ascertained who I was, who my father was, to what regiment I belonged, that I was on leave of absence, and that I had a brother, whose affectionate letter I read carefully for further information. I had not time to count a considerable sum of money, which was in my purse, before I fell in with a countryman, who was leading his horses to the plough. Briefly narrating the circumstances, I offered him a handsome remuneration, if he would mount one of his horses, and procure immediate assistance. Having seen him off in a hand-gallop, I returned to the carriage to try if it were possible to have one more view of that face which had so enchanted me. I stated the good fortune I had met with, and my hopes of a speedy deliverance from their trouble. I answered the old gentleman's inquiry of the name and condition of the person to whom he and his daughter had been so much indebted, talked of my father the Compte de Rouille, of my regiment, and then requested a similar confidence.

He was le Marquis de Tonseca, and the young lady was his daughter; they were proceeding to their chateau about seven miles distant, where he hoped I would accompany them, and allow him an opportunity of showing his gratitude.

I hesitated, talked of engagements,—not that I intended to refuse the invitation, but because the young lady had not joined in the request. My plan had the desired effect; again the lovely face appeared from under the cloak, and the sweetest voice in the world expressed a wish that I would not refuse her father's invitation. I blushed, and stammered consent. Pleased at her victory, she smiled, and again was folded up in the cloak, which I could have torn to pieces for its envious concealment.

Assistance had now arrived; a crowd of people, headed by an officer to take the *procès verbal*, and two pair of post-horses came up; the deposition of the Marquis and myself were briefly taken; his as to what he had seen, and mine "to the best of my knowledge and belief." The papers were signed, the dead bodies were carried off, the horses put to, and, at the request of the Marquis, I took my seat in the carriage between him and his daughter, and we proceeded to the chateau.

In two hours we arrived at a magnificent pile, which bespoke the wealth and ancestry of the owner, and I had the pleasure of carrying in my arms, up the long flight of steps by which we ascended to the entrance, the beautiful girl, muffled up as she was in the cloak. As soon as I had laid her down upon a sofa, I left her to the care of the females who were in attendance, and quitted the room. The Marquis had retired to his own apartment to supply the deficiencies in his attire, and for a short time I was left to my own reflections. What is to be the result of all this? thought I. Is there to be no end of my assumption of the clothes and titles of other people,—this continual transmigration before death? Yet how much more has it depended upon circumstances than upon myself!

After much reflection, I determined upon letting things take their own course, trusting to my own ready invention and good fortune for the issue. I felt it to be impossible to tear myself from the sweet girl, whose personal charms had already fascinated me, and I vowed that there was no risk, no danger, that I would not brave to obtain her love.

In an hour we met at the breakfast-table, and I was more than ever enchanted,—but I will not detain your Highness by dwelling too long upon the subject.

'No, don't, yaha bibi, my friend,' said the Pacha yawning; 'your story gets very dry already. We'll suppose the cypress waist, the stag's eyes, and full moon of her face. We Mussulmen don't talk so much about women; but I suppose as you were a Frenchman, and very young then, you knew no better. Why, you talk of women as if they had souls!' The Renegade did not think it advisable to express his opinion, in contradiction to that of his Highness, and the assertions of the Prophet. 'It cannot be said that I have behaved to them as if they had,' replied he; 'and before I changed my religion, I was often smitten with remorse for my selfish and unfeeling conduct towards Marie; but all that is past, I am now a Turk;' and the renegade passed his hand over his brow; for some long-smothered feelings of virtue had been conjured up by remorse, as he was reminded of his career of guilt. After a short pause he continued—

For a week I remained in the society of the Marquis and his daughter, daily ingratiating myself more and more with both. I had not declared my passion to his daughter, for there was something that irresistibly prevented me; yet I knew that I was not viewed with indifference. Our party was then increased by the appearance of the Bishop of Toulouse, the brother of the Marquis, who came to congratulate him and his niece upon their fortunate escape. I was presented as the gentleman who had so materially assisted. The Bishop stared at me with surprise.

'It is strange,' observed he, 'that a body has been found in a ditch, near to where the robbery occurred, and has been recognised to be that of the very young officer to whom you now introduce me. How can this be?'

The Marquis and his daughter appeared astonished at the intelligence (and in truth so was I); but it was only for a second. 'How say you, Sir,' exclaimed I, with trepidation, 'a body recognised as the son of Compte Rouille? My poor, poor brother! my dear Victor, have you then perished? what injustice have I done you?' Throwing myself on the fauteuil, I covered my face with my handkerchief, as if overpowered with grief: but, in reality, I was reflecting what I should say next.

'Your brother!' exclaimed the Marquis in surprise.

'Yes, Marquis,' my brother. 'I will now state the circumstances which induced me to conceal from you that he was in my company at the time of the attack. When I galloped to your assistance, I was followed by my brother, who was riding with me to Marseilles, and of whom you recollect I have spoken; but after the first discharge of fire-arms I found that he was not at my side, and I imagined that he had deserted me from fear. I could not bear that such a disgrace upon the family should be known, and I therefore made no mention of him when I came back.' Little did I think, that while I was accusing him in my heart of cowardice, he was dead, and his heart's blood had been poured out in my defence. Victor, my dear Victor!' continued I, 'how great has been my injustice, and what can repay me for your loss!' and I threw myself down on the sofa, as if frantic with grief.

'Huckaback,' observed the Pacha, 'it appears to me that in your younger days you were a great scoundrel.'

'I acknowledge it,' replied the Renegade: 'but, in extenuation, your Highness must call to mind that at that time I was not a Turk.'

'By the beard of the Prophet, that is well said, and very true!' replied the Pacha.

The Marquis and his brother were shocked at having so unintentionally dunged me into affliction. They offered consolation, but, finding their endeavours fruitless, quitted the room, thinking it advisable to leave me to myself. Cerise, for that was the name of the daughter, remained, and after a short pause came to me, and in her silvery voice, as she laid her hand upon my shoulder, addressed me:

'Console yourself, my dear Felix;' but I made no answer. 'How unhappy I am!' said she: 'it was in my defence that he lost his life: it was to your courage that I am indebted for my preservation:—he is dead, and you are miserable. Can nothing repay you for the loss of your brother?—Nothing, Felix?'

I raised my head; her eyes were swimming with tears, and beaming with love. As I resumed my seat upon the sofa, I drew her gently towards me. She offered no resistance, and in a moment she had sunk down by my side, as my arms entwined her beauteous form.

'Yes,' murmured I, 'Cerise, I am repaid.' Smiling through her blushes, she disengaged herself, and rose to depart. Returning once more at my request, I imprinted a kiss upon her brow: she waved her hand, and hastened out of the room.

'That was a very nice girl, by your description,' interrupted the Pacha: 'pray what might you pay for such a girl in your country?'

'She was beyond all price,' replied the Renegade, with an absent air, as if communing with times past. 'Love is not to be bought. The Moslem purchases the slave and blind submission to his will, but he makes not love.'

'No, he buys it ready made,' replied the Pacha; 'and I must say I wish you had done the same; for, with all this love making, you get on but slowly with your story. Proceed.'

I remained another week, when the Bishop, who had not yet taken his departure, one morning drove over to Marseilles, and returned to dinner. 'I was sent for,' observed he, as we sat down to table, 'to consult as to the propriety of requesting from the Pope the canonization of the Sœur Eustasie, of whom you have heard so much, and whose disappearance has been attributed to miraculous agency: but during our consultation, a piece of information was sent in, which has very much changed the opinion of parties as to her reputed sanctity. It appears that near the spot where the vessel was wrecked they have discovered the body of a woman dressed in man's clothes; and it is now supposed that some miscreant has personified her at the Convent, and has subsequently escaped. The officers of justice are making the strictest search, and if the individual is found, he will be sent to Rome to be disposed of by the Inquisition.'

As your Highness may imagine, this was not very agreeable news: I almost started from my chair when I heard it; but I had sufficient mastery over myself to conceal my feelings, although every morsel that I put into my mouth nearly choked me.

But before dinner was over the plot thickened; a letter was brought to the Marquis from my adopted father the Compte de Rouille, stating that such contradictory reports had been received, that he could not ascertain the truth. From one he heard that his eldest son was alive, and at the chateau; from others that he had been murdered: others congratulated him in their letters upon the escape of one of his sons. He requested the Marquis to inform him of the real state of affairs, and to let him know by the bearer whether his oldest son was with him, or whether he had met with the unfortunate death that was reported; that as his youngest son was at home, and had been there for some months, he could not but imagine, as both of them were mentioned in the reports, that there might be some imposture in the business.

I perceived by the change of countenance in the Marquis that affairs were not going well, and was to a certain degree prepared, when he gravely handed the letter to the Bishop, who, having read it, passed it over to me, saying, with a stern look, 'This concerns you, Sir.' I read it with a composed countenance, and, returning it to the Marquis, I observed with a sigh, 'There is no kindness in such deception, the blow will only fall heavier upon the old man when it does come. You are aware, Sir, I mentioned it to you (or rather, I believe, it was to Mademoiselle Cerise), that my father is blind, and has been so for the last two years. They have been afraid to tell him the truth, and have made him believe that Victor is there. You must know, Sir, that it was clandestinely that my dear brother quitted his father's house to accompany me. Unhappy hour when I yielded to his entreaties! But, Monsieur le Marquis, I perceive it is now imperative that I should go to my father; he will need the assurance of my existence to support him in his grief. I will therefore, with your permission, write a few lines by the bearer of this communication, and to-morrow morning at daylight must unwillingly tear myself away from your charming society.'

The cool and confident air with which I answered removed suspicion; and having written a few lines to the Compte, and requested from the Marquis the loan of his seal, I applied the wax, and desired the servant to deliver it as an answer to the messenger, who I was not sorry to see galloping by the window. "Oh," cried I, "'tis Pierre: had I known that I should have asked him some questions.'

This well-timed exclamation of mine, I perceived, did not fail to have its weight. We again sat down to table, and I was treated with more than usual kindness by the Marquis and his brother, as if in compensation for their having, for a moment, harboured a suspicion of my honesty. But I was ill at ease, and I felt that I had never acted with more prudence than in proposing my early departure.

In the evening I was alone with Cerise. Since the news of my brother's death, and the scene that followed, we had sworn unalterable love; and in that instance only was I sincere. I loved her to desperation, and I doat on her memory now, though years have rolled away, and she has long been mingled with the dead. 'Yes, Cerise, if from the regions of bliss, where thy pure spirit dwells, thou canst look down upon a wretch so loaded with guilt as I am, oh, turn not away with horror, but view with pity one who loved as fondly as man could love, and hereafter will care little for all that Paradise can offer, if thy fair spirit must not bid him welcome.'

'I wish, Huckaback,' observed the Pacha, angrily, 'that you would go on with your story: you are talking to a dead woman, instead of a live Pacha.'

'I entreat your pardon,' replied the Renegade; 'but to amuse your Highness, I have entered into scenes which long have been dismissed from my memory; and the feelings attending them will rise up, and cannot well be checked. I will be more careful as I proceed.'

Cerise was melancholy at the idea of my departure. I kissed the tears away, and the time flew rapidly. I persuaded her to allow me an interview after the family had retired, as I had much to say to her.

'Well, well, we'll suppose all that,' observed the Pacha, impatiently: 'now go on; you remember you were to set off in the morning.'

'Yes, your Highness,' replied the Renegade, somewhat displeased—

and I did set off in the morning upon one of the Marquis's horses, and rode as hard as I could to Toulon. I determined again to try my fortune at sea, as I was afraid that I should be discovered if I remained on shore. I purchased a small venture with the money in my purse, and having made my agreement with the captain of a vessel bound to St. Domingo, exchanged my dress for a jacket and trousers, and was again at the mercy of the waves.

'Such, your Highness, is the history of my First Voyage, and the incidents which resulted from it.'

'Well,' said the Pacha, rising, 'there was too much love and too little sea in it; but, I suppose, if you had left the first out it would not have been so long. Mustapha, give him five pieces of gold, and we will have his Second Voyage to-morrow.'

As soon as the Pacha had retired, the Renegade growled out, 'If I am to tell any more stories, I must not be checked and dictated to. I could have talked for an hour after I had met Cerise, if I had not been interrupted: as it was, I cut the matter short.'

'But, Selim,' replied Mustapha, 'the Pacha is not fond of these sort of adventures; he likes something more marvellous. Could you not embellish a little.'

'How do you mean?'

'Holy Prophet! what do I mean!—Why, tell a few lies,—not adhere quite so much to matter of fact.'

'Adhere to matter of fact, Vizier!—why, I have not stated a single fact yet!'

'What! is not all this true?'

'Not one word of it, as I hope to go to heaven.'

'Bismillah!—what, not about Marie and the Convent—and Cerise?'

'All lies from beginning to end.'

'And were you never a barber?'

'Never in my life.'

'Then why did you make such long apostrophes to the dead Cerise, when you observed that the Pacha was impatient?'

'Merely because I was at fault, Vizier, and wished to gain time, to consider what I should say next.'

'Selim,' replied Mustapha, 'you have great talent; but mind that your next voyage is more wonderful; I presume it will make no difference to you.'

'None whatever, but the Pacha is not a man of taste. Now give me my five pieces, and I'll be off: I'm choked with thirst, and shall not be comfortable till I have drank at least a gallon of wine.'

'Holy Prophet! what a Turk!' exclaimed the Vizier, lifting up his hands. 'Here is your money, Kafir;—don't forget to be here to-morrow.'

'Never fear me, Vizier; your slave lives but to obey you, as we Turks say.'

'We Turks!' muttered the Vizier, as he cast his eyes upon the retiring figure of the Renegade. 'Well, of all the scoundrels—' 'Well,' muttered the Renegade, who was now out of hearing, 'of all the scoundrels—'

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PROPHETIC DREAM.

A correspondent of the Western Weekly Review at Franklin gives the following curious narrative of a dream which was almost instantly realized and which conformed with strict accuracy to the event. The article is anonymous and the name of the dreamer is not given but we are bound to presume that the fact is well attested. If true, it is one of the most remarkable coincidences, of which we have ever heard. The melancholy death of Col. Sittler occurred at a period later than 1823.—*Nashv. Banner.*

A few days since I was in company with a very respectable mechanic of this place, when the conversation happened to turn upon dreams. he observed to me 'you knew Col. Sittler, who was killed by a fall from his horse in Nashville, did'nt you?' I answered in the affirmative, and stated that I believed it happened in 1823. He then observed that he had a remarkable dream about it, and which he related substantially as follows:

"We were doing some work for Col. Sittler; one evening he came to the shop and remained for some time chatting with the hands. Before he took his leave, he observed he would start in the morning for Fayetteville, or Pulaski, I have forgotten which. On that morning, three of us had assembled in a piazza, for the purpose of washing. I had just dried my face and hands, and handed the towel to the one standing nearest me, observing at the moment I dreamt last night, that Col. Sittler's horse threw him near the Female Academy, and killed him on the spot; and that I saw the horse, as plain as ever I saw any thing in my life, run by here, with the saddle bags on. The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when one of the two, looking down the street, exclaimed 'by —— here comes Col. Sittler's horse, sure enough—and the saddle bags are on him too!' The sight made a startling impression on me for the moment. It was the same horse, (a large roan) and the saddle bags were flapping about him as he run, just as I had witnessed in the dream. In a few moments, a negro came running along after the horse, and told us he had just thrown his rider opposite to parson Lanier's, and killed him. We immediately went to the spot, which I recognized to be the same presented in the vision. It was fifty or sixty yards from the Academy. The body, the clothes, the spot, all looked as familiar to me, as if I had witnessed the accident. That I did witness it, is certain; but how, I shall leave to be settled by those who are more learned in such matters; and why the warning (if such it was intended) was given to me, and not to the deceased, I refer to the same tribunal."

The gentlemen to whom the dream was told in the piazza, are now living in Nashville, and will testify to the correctness of this statement.

POWER OF REGULATING DREAMS.

Dreams can be produced by whispering into the ears when a person is asleep. One of the most curious, as well as authentic examples of this kind has been referred to by several writers: I find the particulars in a paper by Dr. Gregory, and they were related to him by a gentleman who witnessed them. The subject of it was an officer in the expedition to Louisburg, in 1758, who had this peculiarity in so remarkable a degree, that his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. They could produce in him any kind of dream, by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he was familiar. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and, when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker, or bunker, in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for life. He instantly did so, with such force as to throw himself entirely from the locker upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his friends found him asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but, at the same time increased his fears by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who was down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him that the man next himself in the line had fallen, when he instantly sprung from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was roused from his danger and his dream together by falling over the tent ropes. A remarkable circumstance in this case was that, after these experiments, he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue; and used to tell his friend that he was sure that he was playing some trick upon him. A case entirely similar is related in Smellie's Natural History, the subject of which was a medical student at the University of Edinburgh.

A singular fact has often been observed in dreams which are excited by a noise, namely, that the same sound awakens the person, and produces a dream, which appears to him to occupy a considerable time. The following example of this has been related to me: A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and, at last, led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had both produced the dream and awaked him. The same want of the notion of time is observed in dreams from other causes. Dr. Gregory mentions a gentleman who, after sleeping in a damp place, was for a long time liable to a feeling of suffocation whenever he slept in a lying position, and this was always accompanied by a dream of a skeleton, which grasped him violently by the throat. He could sleep in a sitting posture without any uneasy feeling; and, after trying various experiments, he at last had a sentinel placed beside him, with orders to awake him whenever he sunk down. On one occasion he was attacked by the skeleton, and a severe and long struggle ensued before he awoke. On finding fault with his attendant for allowing him to lie so long in such a state of suffering, he was assured that he had not lain an instant, but had been awakened the moment he began to sink. The gentleman, after a considerable time, recovered from the affection.—*Dr. Abercrombie.*

COBBETT AND THE BARBER.

Cobbett, it seems, the other day, was called upon to attend some meeting in the city; and the time not admitting of a journey to Kensington to prepare, he went to a shop in one of the courts in the neighborhood of Fleet-street to be shaved. Not perceiving the name of Mac-something over the door, he only discovered by the northern accent in which he was requested to be seated, that he was patronizing a Scotchman. It was too late, however, to retract, and he sat down, not over-disposed to listen to the chit-chat of the operator, who, ignorant of the person of his customer, entered at once into some moral reflections upon the Bristol burnings. In the heat of his enthusiasm, he happened to stumble upon the terms, "low rabble," At this the politician started up, of course at the risk of life, and looked as if he meant to apply the razor that had just been at his own throat to that of the operator. "How dare you," he exclaimed, in a tone admirably proportioned to the fury of his look, "how dare you—a selfish soap-suddy Scotchman—a fellow that lives here by sufferance, and takes the bread out of the mouth of the honest British artisan—how dare you, in my presence, apply such a term as 'rabble' to the people of England?" The operator, all alarm and apology, hinted nevertheless upon the strength of the weapon with which he was so formidably armed, that he had as good a right to the bread he ate as an English barber; and that among other things, he had suffered for his country—"*Your* country! What country? you don't call *that* a country! But pray let us hear how you have suffered for your country?"—"Why, I happened to be aboard a Berwick smack when she was taken prisoner by a French privateer, and I remained in a French prison for seven years."—"So much the better," said Cobbett, as he resumed his seat and rubbed his hands, apparently quite appeased. "So much the better; *we saved seven years of your keep.*"—*New Monthly Magazine.*

DR. MAJENDIE'S REPORT ON THE CHOLERA AT SUNDERLAND.

M. Majendie, at the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, delivered a verbal report of his visit to Sunderland. In addition to the circumstances stated in his letter from that place, he said that the most striking phenomenon of the cholera is the almost total stoppage of the circulation of the blood, the action of the heart being reduced to not more than 10 or 12 pulsations in a minute. To this he attributed the black or blue appearance of the extremities, and the imminent danger of placing the patient in an upright position, which not unfrequently produced instant death, as thereby the passage of the blood to the head is rendered extremely difficult. This effect is the same in both sexes and at every age. The principle cause of the extensive ravages of the disease he supposed to be the horrible state of poverty of the lower orders. "There are," he said, "three parishes to Sunderland, two being situated on the heights, and the third in a damp position on the borders of a river. The two former contain upwards of 800 spacious houses, in which all the comfort that civilization can suggest, or affluence procure, is to be found, and consequently scarcely a single case has occurred in them; but in the lower town, occupied by 17,000 inhabitants, of whom 14,000 were in a state of pauperism, and the objects of parochial relief, the ravages have been carried to the extent recorded in the public prints." This part of Sunderland he described as consisting of nothing but an assemblage of alleys scarcely four feet wide, each room in which rarely exceeds 10 feet square, containing a whole family huddled together day and night, and the walls of which are rendered black by the smoke of the coal fires with which they there cook their scanty meals, the whole forming a picture of wretchedness, filth, and poverty, which, accustomed as he has been from his professional duties to visit the abodes of human misery, he could not have believed to exist in the present age in any part of civilised Europe. The evil, he stated, was increased by the atrocious practice of farming out the poor, though, indeed, the poor-house was even worse than these private dwellings, hundreds of paupers of both sexes being crowded within it, and annually subject to the attacks of typhus and scarlet fevers, and the measles.

SPREAD OF THE DISEASE.

The last official reports on the *Cholera* are dated Jan. 23d. The whole number of cases was then stated at 2350, and of deaths 791. The following are places where the disease has not before appeared:—Tranent (N. Britain), Jan. 18, 19, and 20.—Remaining at last report, 5; new cases, 24; total, 29; recovered, 1; died 5; remaining, 25. Total cases from commencement of disease, 32; deaths 8.

Since the return was made up, intelligence has arrived of 27 cases, and 10 deaths, at Musselburgh, (North Britain) since the 18th inst.

WM. MACLEAN, Sec'y.

While reporting the favourable appearance of the cholera in this town and Gateshead, we regret that no diminution appears to take place in the neighbouring villages, but that it rather increased in the violence of its attacks, and the fatality of its character. At Newburn, Scotswood, Lemington, Bell's Close, and other places in the parish of Newburn, it is raging with great fury. Among those that have fallen a sacrifice to this disorder, is the Rev. M. Edmondson, vicar of that parish. He had been visiting the sick in his parish very frequently, and when attacked himself, refused all medical advice. Doctor Rowell, a resident surgeon of that place, and his wife, have also suffered.—*Newcastle Courant.*

We regret to learn that the cholera has made its appearance in Tranent, and also in Musselburgh. It has nearly finished its course in Haddington, where it has occasioned, in the course of a month, eighteen deaths. In Tranent, as in other places, those who are of intemperate habits are its chief victims; and it is remarkable that it made its appearance just at the period of the annual festivities of the colliers. They had been celebrating, with their usual excess, the first Monday of the year, old style, which they term "Old Hansel Monday." Several persons had died the day before of the disease, which was now still further spread, and in three or four days twenty-five persons were seized, of whom eight died. In Musselburgh we learn that there were on Thursday seven cases, though no report on the subject has yet been received by the Board of Health in this city.—*Edinburgh Eve. Courant.*

In compliance with a desire expressed by the *Bishop of Durham*, that Divine service should be performed once a week, in addition to the Sunday, until the pestilence which has lately visited our shores "be stayed," the churches in the city of Durham were opened for that purpose on Wednesday last, and the same was done in Sunderland and Bishopwearmouth.

Wednesday last was observed by the united bodies of Christians in South Shields as a day of humiliation and prayer to Almighty God, to turn away his threatened wrath from our country, and especially our neighbourhood.—*Sunderland Herald.*

LUXURY AND MISERY.

Buckingham Palace.—From papers just printed by order of the House of Commons, relative to this edifice, the following appear to be the expenditures already incurred, the amount still remaining due, and an estimate of the expenses which would be still further necessary to complete the building, according to a report delivered to the Treasury by Mr. Nash.—Total amount already paid, 501,530*l.* 17s. 4d. Estimated amount of demands remaining unpaid, 104,717*l.* 7s. 4d. Total expenditure up to the time of the suspension of the works, 606,248*l.* 4s. 8d. Total amount yet necessary to finish the building, 33,761*l.* 19s. 7½d. Making the whole estimated cost of the edifice, according to Mr. Nash's statement, 640,010*l.* 4s. 3½d. Mr. Blore, the architect employed to survey and give an estimate of the amount requisite to complete this expensive structure, in his report, says,—"As regards the expediency of completing Buckingham-palace as a residence for the Sovereign, I have no hesitation in stating that, in my opinion, such a measure is not only perfectly practicable, but that the building possesses great advantages for such an appropriation." Mr Blore gives an estimate of the expenses incidental to the proposed alterations, amounting altogether to 73,777*l.*

Distress in England and Ireland.—The Carlisle Journal says,—here we have within a fraction of two thousand persons—nearly one-ninth part of the entire population of the city—the greater portion of whom, be it remembered, are in employment, dragging on a miserable existence upon a sum, amounting, in the average, to less than one shilling each per week; that is to say, on less than twopence a-day. This sum includes, not only the earnings of the poor people themselves, but the amount of parish relief which is given to them. In one district there are living 623 individuals, whose average weekly income amounts to less than tenpence each! Their wretched dwellings are, in many instances, almost entirely destitute of furniture of any kind; others are without fires; and several had not a bed, nor the semblance of a bed, to lie down upon. The inmates of some of the houses, which were visited in the evenings, were found huddled together in a corner, without reference to age or sex, without even straw to lie upon, and with no other covering than the wretched rags they had worn for clothes during the day.

A Kilkenny paper speaks thus—We shall again turn our thoughts to the miseries of the Irish poor, and, if possible, enlist public and private sympathy in behalf of the most wretched and forlorn of our fellow Christians, whose state of destitution is beyond description—wanting all the necessaries of life, food, fuel, clothing, and bedding. What think you, fathers of families, to see a family of nine persons sitting down to a scanty meal of *weed*, not dry potatoes, in four-and-twenty hours? What think you, mothers, of the mother of six children being found engaged in stirring a pot of water in a corner where a fire was not (using a maternal deception), to silence the cries of hunger until, weary with watching, her children went fast asleep?—of a man burning old shoes, to produce a smoke, as he told us, to keep out the damp?

VOTING BY PROXY.

From the "Cabal," a new work.

"The Count, who was always on the watch for a lesson in the mysteries of the British constitution, awoke from a reverie, in which he had been plunged during the discussion of meaner subjects, and requested to know Lord Veldersley could give his vote, when he was absent from London. Horace Hopkins, apparently feeling for his ignorance, whispered audibly, 'Privilege of the peerage in this country—palladium of the constitution—invulnerable distinction of the aristocracy.' 'But I do not understand,' persisted the Count, 'your Chamber of Peers is a deliberative assembly.' 'Undoubtedly,' said Horace. 'The vote is taken after the debate, too, is it not?' 'Instantly.' The absent peers, then, are ignorant of what has passed in the assembly when their votes are tendered.' 'There are many apparent anomalies in our constitution,' interrupted the philosopher, interfering in the discusion, 'but it *works well*, that is the true test—it *works well*.' 'But surely,' repeated the obstinate German, 'in a deliberative assembly, if ever a single vote is given in absence,'—'A single vote!' cried Harry Mowbray, who had listened with great glee to this dispute, and determined to fan its expiring embers into a flame—'the *majority* of votes is often composed of proxies. 'Proxies! proxies!' muttered the Count, puzzled by the word. 'Yes; that is,' said Harry, 'the majority of votes, in this deliberative assembly is often composed of votes tendered on behalf of men who were not parties to the deliberation. The question, for example, is Catholic emancipation, a question of vital importance to the welfare of the state. The debate last one, two, or three evenings; all the talent of the resident peers is engaged on one side or other. The mover opens by lamenting his inability to do justice to so difficult a subject, he brings forward a host of arguments, some of them probably old enough, but some certainly new, all, if possible presented in a new form. The debate proceeds. His new arguments are met by new answers, and these call forth replies equally original. Many profess to be still in doubt. Questions are proposed, on the result of which the querist professes to rest his opinion. Converts are made at the last hour. The Chancellor, as speaker, rises to put the matter to the vote, but amid loud cries of question, his grace the Duke of Lancaster, it may be, or the Marquis of Launceston, or the Earl of Burlington, or my friend here, the Earl Rothsay, if he happens to be one of the sixteen, rises in his place, and in the happiest strain of wit, eloquence, and logic, ridicules and refutes all that has been urged in the course of the evening against the measure which he supports. There is a pause: their lordships look at one another; the opposite party are almost inclined to move (as was once done in the House of Commons) that the House do adjourn, in order to allow time for the feelings of the audience to subside into that calm temper which is requisite in legislative decision. But the Chancellor rises again. He is once more interrupted by several members, who beg leave to state, before going to the vote, that after the new views, and the new facts, which have been presented to the House by the noble lord, they will feel it necessary to decline voting as they intended. At length the Chancellor proceeds to put the question, 'content, or non-content.' Our friend's speech has been completely successful with the peers who were present. A majority of these peers is with him. But then there are six noble lords measuring the Pantheon at Athens; there are seventeen attending the opera at Naples, or roaming through the galleries at Florence; there are a score in the bells at Paris; there is one on the summit of the Alps, and one on the summit of the Andes; there is an old nobleman in Northumberland, who has the gout; and a young nobleman at Cadiz, who is in love; Lord A. has been appointed governor of the Leeward Islands, and Lord

B. has been persuaded to take the odds against the Eclipse. Now the eloquence of our noble friend cannot reach across the broad Atlantic, nor even gain converts on the race ground at Doncaster.—The consequence is, a majority against his measure. You see I state fairly the evils of the system. I conceal nothing. It has practical evils, undoubtedly. But who would weigh these *paltry inconveniences* against the *great privilege of proxy!*—a privilege that is coeval with the power and glory of the British empire—a privilege which reflects its brightest lustre on the coronet, and gives its firmest stability to the aristocracy—a privilege which was *purchased by the blood of our ancestors*, and which our remotest posterity will claim from us unimpaired."

Pedestrianism.—Kipper, the celebrated Norfolk pedestrian, finished one of his matchless performances on Saturday night last, having walked, in six days, 360 miles, allowing himself 60 miles per day. The line of his operations was from Skipton to Bradford, the distance from each place being twenty miles.—*Eng. Paper.*

YOUNG MEN'S ADVOCATE.

Our last number mentioned the establishment of the *Young Men's Advocate*, by the New-York Young Men's Society, and gave a brief account of its plan and objects. This Association is one eminently calculated for usefulness; operating unobtrusively upon the community, yet with a pervading influence that if continued must be ultimately irresistible. Great then is the responsibility of those who may control and direct its energies; and commensurately great and gratifying will be their meed of true honour if their enterprise be unwaveringly conducted to a successful issue. Among the means proposed by the society for the accomplishment of its laudible purposes, is, as we have seen, the establishment of a journal. Through this channel its principles may the more readily be promulgated and diffused, and moral and intellectual culture promoted among its members, and others, who, by accident or curiosity, may be led to examine its contents. If this publication shall be adequately supported, and be managed (as we have reason to believe it will be) with skill and discretion, we know of no single instrument from which more substantial benefits may be hoped for, and no "journalism" more meritorious and deserving of countenance and commendation.—*Atlas.*

A panoramic exhibition of Mr. Dunlap's large paintings, is now made in the picture gallery of Clinton Hall. These pieces, consisting of the Christ Rejected, the Bearing of the Cross, the scene of Calvary, Death on the Pale Horse, and the Attack on the Louvre, have been much admired, as they individually made their appearance; and it may readily be supposed that their effect is heightened, and the gratification of a visit to the artist's rooms, much enhanced, when they are thus grouped in one exhibition. To those who have not yet examined them, we can recommend such a devotion of their earliest leisure They will find in it a calm and rational enjoyment, not unattended, perhaps, with some silent but impressive moral lessons.—*ib.*

THE MAILS.—*Carriage of Newspapers.*—After our remarks last week, we feel it to be due to ourselves and our readers to publish the following letter, just received from a Postmaster in Carolina, on the great Southern mail route.

"March 24, 1832.

Publishers of the Atlas—

Gentlemen: Four or five days since one of the large canvas bags containing newspapers received at this office by the north stage, was burst open at the mouth, and nearly all the contents lost out. It was on the boot in front, and had worked out, and got under the stage, on the carriage, and was nearly ready to fall off when it arrived. The papers were scattered along the road for several miles. There was a quantity picked up and brought in by the stage next evening; but on account of the rain storm we had then, a greater part of them were injured so much that they were lost. Among the rest I found a quantity of your papers, broken open, and very wet and much rubbed, and the wrappers and directions gone. There are forty one, and as they might be of some consequence, I have put them up in two bundles and return them to you. I have reported the circumstance to the Postmaster General, and expect there will be some notice taken of it."

The statement of the concluding paragraph induces us to publish the letter without names. It will answer all the purposes we have in view equally well in this way. We have received the parcels of "way-worn travellers" referred to, and in a miserable plight they are. As they were stripped of their directions, we know not who are the parties thus deprived of their papers; but to any who may not have duly received those which should have reached them, we will make good the loss, so far as we have the means, if notified by the Postmasters.—*ib.*

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 6th, James Burgess, to Miss Margaret Clapp.

On the 5th, Joseph Wood, to Miss Margaret Hymar.

On the 8th, Capt. Oliver Vanderbilt, of Staten Island, to Miss Catharine Ann Morris.

On the 9th, Alfred A. Hine, to Miss Maria D. Johnston.

At Brooklyn, John Van Pelt, to Miss Ophelia Louisa W. Bogert, of New York.

At Buffalo, Robert Hollister, merchant, to Miss Belinda Rich-ff.

At Alden, N.Y. Major Enos Stimson, of Homer, to Mrs. Sarah Bishop.

At Boston, Lewis Hall, of Concord, N. H. to Miss Ellen A. Dow, of Boston.

At Newburyport, James Butler, merchant, of Boston, to Miss Ann G. Simpson.

At Portsmouth, Jonathan L. Pierce, merchant of Great Falls, to Miss Angelina Moulton.

At Ipswich, Rev. Edwin Jennison, of Walpole, N.H. to Miss Mary B. Shannon, of Saco, Me.

At Portland, Edwin Bartlett, Esq. of Lima, to Miss Caroline E. Harrod.

At Kennebunk, Capt. Charles Mitchell, to Miss Ruth Wentworth.

At Ashwood Place, Miss. John G. Poindexter, Esq. of Goochland City, Va. to Miss Mary Eliza daughter of the late Carter B. Poindexter, Esq. of Norfolk, Va.

At Winchester, Va. Daniel F. Sowers, Esq of Fauquier co. to Miss Mary E. Kerfoot.

At Boonville, Mri. John Thaw, formerly of Washington City, to Miss Jane Hood.

DIED,

In this city, on the 12th inst., Benjamin Bailey, Esq. aged 72 years.

On the 6th, Nehemiah G. Miles, aged 33.

On the 6th, George Lake, aged 34.

On the 6th, Lewis B. Corwin, aged 24.

On the 8th, Samuel T. Ross, aged 33.

On the 9th, Nicholas Bogart, aged 68.

On the 8th, John Boss, aged 30.

On the 7th, Charlotte W. wife of Dr. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer.

On the 11th, Mrs. Susan K. Kirby, wife of Leonard Kirby, aged 77.

On the 10th, Mrs. Martha G. Britton, wife of Capt Thomas Britton.

On the 11th, Mrs. Elizabeth Stanton, wife of Major Henry Stanton, U.S. army, and daughter of the late Amasa Keyes, Esq. of Hartford, Conn.

On the 12th, Mrs. Mary Ann Jordan, wife of Lawrence P. Jordan, aged 24.

On the 12th, Alexander McBride, aged 24.

On the 12th, John Searle Soza, a native of Fayal, aged 30.

On the 7th, Mrs. Elizabeth Shirley, wife of Stephen Shirley, aged 53.

On the 11th, Jessee Rice, printer.

On the 11th, Mrs. Elizabeth M. Coggeshall, wife of Giles H. Coggeshall, aged 23.

On the 11th, Derdrick Gross, a native of Germany, aged 50 years.

On the 11th, Orvill Atkins, of the firm of Atkins & Smith.

On the 10th, Samuel Heath, aged 29.

On the 10th, Mrs. Ira Cropsey, aged 76.

On the 11th, Mrs. Elizabeth Slowly, wife of William Slowley, aged 50.

On the 12th, Mrs. Margaret Williams, wife of Elias P. Williams, aged 27.

At Attica, Genesee co. Hon. Parmenio Adams, formerly member of Congress, aged 50.

At Norfolk, Mrs. Phebe Ann Webb, wife of Geo. A. Webb, of this city.

At Boston, Hon. Ebenezer Daggett, a member of the State Senate.

At Baltimore, Mrs. Mary Clayton, aged 75.

At Green Spring Mills, Va. James Hackney, aged 55.

At Hopewell, Va. Mrs. Sarah Branson, wife of Abraham Branson, aged 80.

In Winchester co. Va. Mrs. Hannah Garret, aged 72; John Cooper, aged 94; and Thomas Newsal, aged 93.

At Winchester, Ky. Fielding Parker, aged 114.

At Somers, Miss. Mary Baily, aged 35, daughter of the late James Baily.

In Washita Parish, La. Rev. Jeremiah Grifling, aged 47; and his son, Gabriel J. Grifling, aged 24.

At Vicksburg, Miss. Major Joseph Ball.

NEW MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The music of Nature will shortly be heard,
In meadow, in alley, and grove;
But Emma can warble more sweet than a bird,
When singing of friendship and love.

FIRTH & HALL have just published a variety of new Music, among which is 'Weiss's Studio on Modulation,' being No. 6 of their 'Selections of Occasional Duets' for *two Flutes.* Also, the celebrated ballad of 'Come where the aspen quivers,' composed and arranged with accompaniments for the Guitar by Alexander Lee. Likewise, the 'New York Gallopade,' by Incho, and a 'Second Quadrille Rondo,' arranged by Rost, subject taken from Herzz. Music received from all parts of the world as soon as practicable after publication. On hand, a very large assortment of New Music, for every variety of Instruments, Piano Fortes, Guitars, &c. No. 1 Franklin square. mar. 17.

TO THE LADIES.

L. CHAPMAN, 69 William st. one door from Cedar, would call the attention of those ladies and gentlemen who are purchasing *Fancy Articles*, to his very choice and extensive stock of *Work Boxes, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, Miniature Cases*, rich gilt and bronze *Pocket Books, Card Cases*, and *Needle Books*, all of which are finished in a superior style.

N.B. All the above articles manufactured to order, and a liberal discount made to dealers. mar. 17.

SASH AND BLIND MANUFACTORY.

JOHN H. FRASER, 32 Hammersley street, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he continues to manufacture *Window Blinds and Sashes* of every description. He has for sale, *Cords, Tassels, and Trimmings*, for blinds of all kinds.

N.B. Old blinds painted and trimmed. mar.17.

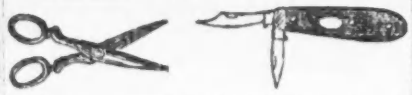
SPRING MEDICINE.—*Boston's Seidlitz Water.*—As a gentle and efficacious aperient it stands unrivalled; and being deprived of any disagreeable or medicinal taste, is rendered as palatable as Soda Water. Seidlitz Water has stood the test of long experience, and is strongly recommended by physicians as superior to all other aperients in cases of dyspepsia, disorders of the stomach, headaches, bilious and cutaneous affections, &c. &c. For sale wholesale and retail at No. 7 Wall street, and at No. 252 Broadway, under Peale's Museum. mar. 17.

THE GENUINE BALSAM OF PARAGUAY,

To stop and prevent toothache, and preserve carious teeth.—Two years since the discovery of this sure and powerful specific are elapsed, and were sufficient for establishing its reputation on the most firm footing over all Europe, and merely through the successful treatment which many practitioners enjoyed by it, was considered as the most undoubted proof of its efficacy.

If a small bit of cotton or spunk is dipped in this Balsam and placed upon the affected tooth, it will suddenly calm the most violent pains. By washing the mouth every morning with a spoonful of water mixed with 3 or 4 drops of the Paraguay, the teeth are prevented from decaying, and at the same time it purifies the breath and fortifies the gums. Just received and for sale only by

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
mar. 17. 377 Broadway.



CARL KLAUBERG, 195 William street, manufactures all kinds of *Surgical and other Instruments*, warranted superior to any imported; he also makes *Razors, Penknives and Blades, Tailors' Shears*, and all other kinds of *Cutlery*, warranted to give satisfaction. He sharpens all kinds of edged tools with a new machine, in a very superior manner, and polishes steel equal to any done in Europe. Instruments, Razors, &c. &c. brought to a fine edge, in a manner not equalled by any other person in this city. Also for sale, Newcastle *Grind Stones* of all sizes. mar. 17.

FINE
POCKET-BOOKS.
GREAT ASSORTMENT—170 KINDS—
(Principally for Booksellers,)
Wholesale and Retail,
By T. BUSSING, Manufacturer,
70 William-street.

N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire *good* articles for retailing, will find it *their* interest to call and examine the *quality* and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's STEEL-TRIMM'D CARD CASES, Pocket Books, &c. at *very* reasonable prices, worthy the attention of *those* who desire a *neat* and *good* article. jan.21.

L. I. COHEN,
REFINED BLACK LEAD PENCIL,
AND
EVER POINT LEAD MANUFACTURER,
AND IMPORTER OF
FANCY ARTICLES,
No. 71 WILLIAM-STREET,
NEW YORK.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New York, known as "the ever and always lucky," would remind his friends, that all orders for Managers' Lottery Tickets, must be addressed to his office, to insure confidential attention. Sylvester's fame is so well known at this time, that he need not puff, or advertise daily; but he will here state, that he has no connexion with any other person in this city, and that letters should be sent to

S. J. SYLVESTER, New-York.
S. J. SYLVESTER, Baltimore, Md.
S. J. SYLVESTER Pittsburg, Pa.

Numbers drawn on the 14th—51 7 49 30 55 61 19 6 29 37.

The following brilliant Lotteries are next to be drawn—Managers, Yates & M'Intyre—Licensed vender, S. J. Sylvester.

March 21, N. Y. Lottery, Class No. 7—$16,000, 10,000, &c.—Tickets $5.

N. B. All the above are first rate schemes, and tickets are ready for delivery at my respective offices.

The public's obedient servant,
S. J. SYLVESTER.

To Banks, Merchants, Traders, Dealers, etc. etc.—The Subscriber has enlarged the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector & Price Current to the imperial size It is now complete in every department; and, in addition to the useful tables, it contains a great variety of reading matter The Counterfeit and Bank Note List is the largest ever published. Terms, $2.50 per ann in advance; it is sent gratis to all who deal in any manner with

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Pictou Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, Coke of superior quality, for melting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the use of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, $9 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1-5th ton); Pictou Coals, $9 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do. mixed, $10 50 per do; do. screenings, $7 per do; Pictou Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 263 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison-street; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton-street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN 27 Broad-st.

C. P. CROCKETT, agent, 154 Broadway, has for sale a splendid assortment of *Hats and Caps.* Hats of a superior quality at $4. feb.25.

THE celebrated *Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir and Pills*, for sale by Dr. Thorp, No. 390 Broadway. Letter from a respectable physician in this city:

Dear Sir: Having had several dyspeptic patients within the last 18 months, that I was unable to relieve with the most approved practice of the day, and having heard of the Anti-Dyspeptic Elixir, I resolved upon giving it to those on whom the ordinary remedies had no effect in relieving. I procured two or three bottles for Mr. ——, who had been afflicted for several years, and within the last six months his complaint had become very distressing, his digestion greatly disordered, he lost his appetite, his food caused him great uneasiness in the stomach, and was almost always rejected by vomiting, except when taken in a very small quantity, and of the mildest kind. He began the use of the Elixir as directed, and at the end of five or six days, his disease began to give way, his stomach became more retentive, his food produced less pain when taken, the stomach began to show some power of digestion, and his strength began to improve; at the end of eight weeks from his beginning the Elixir, he was able to partake at table with his family. It is now six months, and he continues to enjoy good health. I have since given it to several of my patients with the like good effect. I think, sir, that the Elixir is the only medicine that has ever been offered to the public calculated to cure that most dreadful malady, dyspepsia.

Yours, &c. MEDICUS.
New York, Jan. 20th, 1828. mar.10.

TO PRINTERS.—*A. Pell & Brother*, (late William Hagar & Co.) have removed their Type and Stereotype Foundry to No. 26 Gold-street, corner of John-street, New York, and having greatly enlarged their premises, are prepared to execute orders with great despatch. All articles required by Printers furnished to order at the manufacturers' prices—chases, composing sticks, cases, &c. &c.

They have complete series of Fonts, from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with those of other Foundries) at six months' credit, or seven and a half per cent. discount for cash:—Six line Pica, and all larger, 28 cts.; Cannon to six line Pica, 30 cts. Double English to Double Paragon, 32 cts.; Great Primer to Double Pica, 34 cts.; English and Pica, 36 cts.; Small Pica, 38 cts.; Long Primer, 40 cts.; Bourgeois, 46 cts.; Brevier, 56 cts. Minion, 70 cts.; Nonpareil, 90 cts.; Agate, $1.16; Pearl, $1 40 and Diamond, 2.60 per lb. All other articles of the Type Foundry in proportion.

A. Pell & Brother cast their book and newspaper Fonts of a metal much lighter than that commonly in use, and which they will warrant much more durable.

A. P. & B. are Agents for the sale of the "Smith Press," manufactured by R. Hoe & Co., and for the "Washington Press," invented by Rust. The following are the prices at six months' credit.—Medium or Royal, $230; Super Royal, 240; Imperial, 250; No. 2 do., 260; No. 3 do. $270. *New York, Feb 28, 1832.*

*** Printers of papers throughout the U. States and Canada who will give the above advertisement a few insertions, will be allowed three dollars in the settlement of their accounts, or in articles from the Foundry, provided four times that amount be purchased.

HARPERS' FAMILY LIBRARY.
Volumes already published.

I. II. III. Milman's History of the Jews, 3 vols.
IV. V. Lockhart's Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, 2 vols
VI. Southey's Life of Lord Nelson, 1 vol.
VII. Williams' Life of Alexander the Great, 1 vol.
VIII. Natural History of Insects, 1 vol.
IX. Galt's Life of Lord Byron, 1 vol.
X. Bush's Life of Mohammed, 1 vol.
XI. Scott on Demonology and Witchcraft, 1 vol.
XII. XIII. Gleig's History of the Bible, 2 vols.
XIV. Discovery, &c. in the Polar Seas and Regions, 1 vol.
XV. Croly's Life of George IV. 1 vol.
XVI. Discovery and Adventure in Africa, 1 vol.
XVII. XVIII. XIX. Cunningham's Lives of Painters &c. 3 vols.
XX. James's History of Chivalry and the Crusades 1 vol.
XXI. XXII. Bell's Life of Mary Queen of Scots, 2 vols
XXIII. Russell's Ancient and Modern Egypt, 1 vol.
XXIV. Fletcher's History of Poland, 1 vol.
XXV. Smith's Festivals, Games, and Amusements, 1 vol.
XXVI. Brewster's Life of Sir Isaac Newton, 1 vol.
XXVII. Russell's Palestine, or the Holy Land, 1 vol.
XXVIII. Memes' Memoirs of the Empress Josephine 1 vol.
XXIX. The Court and Camp of Buonaparte, 1 vol.

CLASSICAL SERIES.

I. II. Xenophon, (Anabasis and Cyropædia,) 2 vols.
III. IV. Leland's Demosthenes, 2 vols.
V. Rose's Sallust, 1 vol.

DRAMATIC SERIES.

I. II. III. Massinger's Plays, 3 vols.
IV. V. Ford's Plays, 2 vols. mar.19.

QUILL MANUFACTORY.

M. W. & J. NOAH, importers and manufacturers of foreign and domestic Quills, have removed from 412 Broadway to 18½ Maiden lane, up stairs (entrance in Green street), where they offer for sale an assortment of Quills on reasonable terms. The best price given for raw Quills. mar.10.

OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren street, near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

In imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable color, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the Teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent Physicians and Surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application: the use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing Dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, MD., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M. D., D. W. Bassam, Jr. M. D. Amaziah Wright, M. D. and John C. Cheeseman, M. D.

August 6 tf38

JAMES CONNER offers for sale, at his *Type and Stereotype Foundry*, 107 Nassau-street, Printing Types, at six months' credit, or 7 1-2 per cent. deduction for cash, at the prices affixed.

His type will be found as perfect, and made of as good materials, at least, as that manufactured at any other establishment. It is nearly all of an entire NEW CUT: is *lighter faced than any other now exhibited*, and will consequently *wear longer*, look better, take less ink, and less labor in working, than most other type.

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Leads of every thickness and size constantly kept on hand; Cuts of every description on metal bodies: Presses, and all other articles necessary for a printing office, furnished to order.

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